POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS:

BY THE

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K

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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1800.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

KING.

SIR,

I PRESUME to offer to your Majeſty's notice the works of a poet, whom hiſtory may perhaps hereafter record as an ornament to Your Majeſty's Reign; an æra diſtinguiſhed in the annals of Great Britain for the progreſs of polite literature and the general diffuſion of refined taſte.

The author, Sir, though a lively and playful writer, was impartial in his judgement, and juſt in his principles: that he

was alſo affectionately attached to Your Majeſty and Your Royal Conſort, will appear from ſeveral of his compoſitions. They contain the ſentiments of a great and upright mind; ſentiments, in which the hearts of all the virtuous and the wiſe delight to participate, but which genius alone, like his, can expreſs in a manner adequate to their ſincerity and their force. I am,

SIR,

YOUR MAJESTY's

Moſt faithful Subject,
and moſt dutiful Servant,

3 AU 59

GOLDER's HILL,
June 11, 1796.

THOMAS CLARE.

PREFACE.

THE original publication of the late Mr. Biſhop's poetical compoſitions, was a tribute of reſpect juſtly due to the memory of a man of uncommon endowments; whoſe ſingular modeſty, and zealous attention to the duties of his ſtation, had always prevented him from giving his writings to the world himſelf, although he had corrected many of them with conſiderable care. The firſt edition, in two volumes quarto, was printed in a ſplendid manner to gratify his particular friends, and do juſtice to the ſubſcribers; and it was conſequently ſold for two guineas, a larger ſum than many perſons might willingly or conveniently ſpare. The reputation which the work has eſtabliſhed with the public, and the inquiries repeatedly made for a cheaper edition, have occaſioned the

appearance of theſe little volumes; which, it is preſumed, are publiſhed at a lower price, than any books of equal elegance, in order that they may obtain a more general circulation, and may be alſo an eaſy purchaſe to all thoſe of Mr. Biſhop's former pupils, who are deſirous of poſſeſſing ſuch a memorial of their eſteemed preceptor. To reduce the volumes to the preſent ſize, it has been neceſſary to make a ſelection; which I have done according to my beſt judgement,—omitting only, the Latin poems—two or three odes—a few trifles relating to the author's friends—and ſuch of the epigrams, and verſes ſpoken at the ſchool, as ſeemed of leaſt general intereſt;—and retaining all thoſe, which have been univerſally admired. The memoirs, prefixed to the former edition, are not inſerted in this: they would have conſiderably increaſed the bulk and coſt of the book; and all, that appears material for the reader to know, may be compriſed in a few lines.

Mr. Biſhop was born in London in 1731; was entered at Merchant-Taylors' School in 1743, and elected ſcholar of St. John's College, Oxford, in 1750, and fellow of that ſociety in 1753. After taking prieſt's orders, and the degree of A. M. he returned to Merchant-Taylors', to become junior maſter, in 1758: and—gradually riſing to be head-maſter, in 1783,—he continued at the ſchool till the time of his deceaſe. It would be difficult to conceive any perſon's life leſs diverſified than his;—paſſed in the regular routine of his duty; and neither marked by any ſignal misfortune, nor diſtinguiſhed by any eminent ſucceſs. His conſtitution was not naturally ſtrong, and he was afflicted with an hereditary gout;—his employment too was laborious and painful;—and he could not avoid ſometimes feeling that he had not obtained that encouragement and reward, which the dedication of his beſt powers to the ſervice of the public appeared to deſerve. But theſe mortifications were

more than compenſated by various comforts, ſuch as few perſons have enjoyed. He poſſeſſed many ſincere friends; in the number of whom was the Biſhop of Bangor, through whoſe intereſt he was preſented to the living of Ditton in Kent by the Earl of Aylesford:—he was beloved by his pupils; and highly eſteemed by the Merchant-Taylors' Company; who, as a proof of their particular regard, gave him the living of St. Martin Outwich in London, never before held together with the ſchool:—and he was peculiarly happy in an union with a moſt amiable woman; whoſe excellencies he never ceaſed to value, nor omitted to praiſe.—By this lady he had one daughter, "a liv-"ing likeneſs of her father."—He died in Suffolk Lane in November 1795; and lies buried in the rector's vault at St. Martin Outwich. If the reader ſhould deſire farther information, I muſt refer him to the before-mentioned memoirs, in which I have attempted a faint outline of the character of the

author; an office which I conceived devolved upon me, as the friend to whom his genius and his virtues were moſt intimately known.

To the merits of Mr. Biſhop, as a moral, religious, and exemplary man, the unanimous voice of all thoſe, who were ever acquainted with him, has borne abundant teſtimony: and the opinion which I preſumed to offer of his poetical talents, I have had the ſatisfaction to hear confirmed, not only by the ſuffrage of the public, but by the decided approbation of the beſt judges.

Several of the Reviewers have alſo ſpoken in the moſt favorable terms of his works; and the ſtrictures made by others, are ſo futile and inconſiſtent, as to be undeſerving of notice. The only objection of any force relates to the ſtructure of the author's verſe, and the ſuppoſed neglect of melody in his meaſure. I had thought it neceſſary to remark,

in the introduction to the firſt edition, that "ex-"preſſion, rather than harmony *, was his object:" and this I ſaid from a perfect knowledge of his particular ſentiments. That ſoft-toned, gently-ſwelling, and melifluous modulation of ſound, which our late poets have introduced upon every

* A critic, to whoſe judgement I am diſpoſed to pay much deference, has obſerved, that "he would have ſaid—*melody*, "rather than *harmony*." In ſtrict propriety of ſpeech melody may perhaps be the preferable term; but the uſe of "har-"mony" and "harmonious," in the ſenſe in which I have employed thoſe words, is ſanctioned by the practice of our beſt writers. Lord Kames, I believe, was the firſt perſon, who marked a diſtinction between melody and harmony, as applicable to the rythm of verſe; and I muſt own, that his authority has with me no great weight. I ſhould not however have added this note, had I not conceived, that the term "harmony" preſents to the mind the idea of "juſt proportion of ſounds," from the loweſt—to the higheſt, from the moſt ſoft—to the moſt ſtrong; that "melody," on the contrary, ſeems to imply the "concord of *ſweet ſounds*" *only*; and that therefore the general uſe of the latter word, ſince the time of Lord Kames, may have contributed, like many of his critical remarks, to render Engliſh verſification more and more monotonous.

occaſion, he thought deſtructive of all ſpirit and energy, —languid, — wearisome, — and diſguſting. Syſtematically avoiding this error, he might in his own practice incline to the oppoſite extreme. In ſome of his earlier compoſitions, he imitated, and with ſucceſs, the numbers of Pope * : but his

* The reader may poſſibly like to ſee the following quotations, which are not entirely unconnected with the preſent ſubject, ſince they relate to harmonious ſounds. They are taken from one of Mr. Biſhop's juvenile productions, (not ſufficiently correct to be given entirely) in which he has ſuppoſed man in a ſavage ſtate, led to the invention of the lyre, and the diſcovery of the powers of muſic and eloquence, by obſerving the harmony apparent in the works of nature. Though the modulation even here is much varied, many of the lines are flowing, if not muſical,

" And if not ſoft, ſeem tun'd for ſoftneſs more,"

than the author's later productions.

Oft as he rov'd along the rivulet's ſide,
Soft by the pebbled brink he heard the waters glide;
Obſerv'd how ſound to ſound, as wave to wave,
Succeeding, juſt returns of pleaſure gave;—
Of pleaſure now ſuſpended, now reviv'd,
To time reſponſive, as from time deriv'd.

mature judgement adopted that ſtill more diverſi-fied, perhaps irregular rythm, which diſtinguiſhes many of the pieces in theſe volumes. Milton and

—From birds, the wild muſicians of the grove,
He learn'd how ſounds thro' varied tones might rove,
From high to low might fall, from low to high
Rebounding, ſwell around, and fill the diſtant ſky;—
Or vague, in ſweet confuſion blended, give
Grace each to each—or each from each receive.
—Pleas'd, and improv'd, he heard the breezy gale,
Bleak from the hills, or whiſtling thro' the vale;
Hence taught in motion, harmony to ſeek,—
Taught how vibration gave the woods to ſpeak;
Whene'er the leafy ſhade the tempeſt paſt,—
The leafy ſhade ſtill quivering to the blaſt.

* * * * *

And ever and anon, with doubtful pride,
Struck the ſtretch'd chord;—the vocal chord reply'd;
Replied, retentive of the tone he gave,
Subordinately ſweet, or deeply grave.
Bold by degrees from ſtring to ſtring he flies;
Succeſſive fall the ſounds, ſucceſſive riſe:
At random now his wanton hand he ſpread,
Where fancy dictated, or fortune led;

Dryden were his moſt eſteemed models of compoſition: but Milton and Dryden are not now in faſhion. And Pope himſelf, though he is allowed to "excel in the variety of his melody," yet has not eſcaped cenſure for "capital defects" in ſeveral of his verſes, which the faſtidious delicacy of a late critic has pronounced to be "harſh and "unpleaſant." If, therefore, my friend is condemned on that account, he ſuffers in common with *our* moſt eminent poets; and even with Horace, "many lines in" whoſe "ſatires and epiſtles are"

And paus'd—and rais'd by turns and ſunk the ſtrain,
Redoubled notes, and meaſur'd back again.
—Wild as it was, and incoherent too,
His raviſh'd ſoul congenial muſic knew,—
Confeſt elaſtic force, and active fire,—
And ſprung ſymphonious to ſo rude a lyre:
So equal ſtrings, in equal tenſion bound,
Diſtant conſpire, and ſympathize in ſound:
Give one to ſpeak, his counterpart awakes,
Joys in the common ſtroke and repercuſſive ſhakes.

ſaid to be "neither verſe nor proſe in perfection *." Whether Mr. Biſhop thought his practice juſtified by the authority of ſuch great names, or whether he had formed his own plan of verſification, it is certain that the licences which he has taken, were almoſt always the reſult of deſign, not the effect of negligence. In ſeveral of his corrected copies, the laſt alterations occaſion the very irregularities in queſtion: and when ſome of his poems were publiſhed without his concurrence in the periodical works of the day, the printers, by the help of apoſtrophe, eliſion, and even the ſubſtitution of one word for another †, generally contriving to reduce the lines to the uſual number of feet or ſyllables, he would ſay, that they had ſpoiled them. Indeed it is certainly an errone-

ous ſuppoſition, that our heroic verſe (and the

* Elements of Criticiſm, vol. ii. p. 118. fifth edition.

† A diſſyllable for a triſyllable, as for inſtance "Goodneſs" for "Excellence."—See Vol. II. p. 103. l. 17.

remark is equally applicable to all Engliſh metre) is limited to any fixed number of ſyllables, or confined to any certain arrangement of quantities: admitting different kinds of feet, it varies from ten to thirteen, ſometimes even fourteen, ſyllables: and this diverſity is ſo far from offending, that it always relieves, and often delights, the ear. In general the vowels omitted in *writing* verſe, are given with great propriety in the *ſpeaking* *. No reader of the leaſt taſte ever drops the

* Any of the following lines would be deteſtable, if *pronounced* as conſiſting of only ten ſyllables:—

With many a weary ſtep, and many a groan.
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
And the ſhrill ſounds ran echoing through the wood.
With native humour tempering virtuous rage.
Throws his ſteep flight in many an airy whirl.
The adventurous baron the bright locks admir'd.
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alps.
And many an amorous, many a humorous lay.

It is unneceſſary to enumerate inſtances, which muſt frequently occur to every reader's notice. Surely the *real* numbers of any verſe, are thoſe which meet the ear in recitation, not thoſe preſented to the eye upon paper.

letter ſtruck out by an eliſion, nor does even the apoſtrophe conſtantly remove a ſyllable from the pronunciation. Our modern critics and our modern poets do not ſeem to conceive the relief which a varied rythm occaſionally affords to the ſpeaker, nor the animated and pleaſing expreſſion, or even the full and harmonious ſound, which a *good* ſpeaker can give to lines apparently defective in their modulation; but which by contraſt and force, prevent monotony, and increaſe the ſpirit of the whole compoſition.

This ſubject of Engliſh verſification appears not to have been yet thoroughly inveſtigated; but I have neither ability nor inclination to purſue the inquiry; though it would afford room for ample diſcuſſion. It is ſufficient for my purpoſe that Mr. Biſhop's practice is not unprecedented; and that our moſt eſteemed poets will be found frequently to have taken thoſe licences which are con-

demned in him,—to have " employed trifyllables " and quadrifyllables*,"—to have uſed words " too long for their places, and which will not " bear ſhortening,"—and to have " dropped a " ſyllable," or rather, to have added one or more, which the reader *cannot drop*, but muſt of neceſſity pronounce. This variety in movement often improves even the harmony, no leſs than the expreſſion: and if not, what is gained in force is more than a compenſation for what may be loſt in melody. The juſt union of theſe two qualities certainly conſtitutes the perfection of verſe. The doubt then, which may yet occur, is, how far Mr. Biſhop's poetical works poſſeſs *both* theſe qualities? Expreſſion they do poſſeſs in a great degree;

* When Dryden ſpeaks of modern metre as conſtituted of diſſyllables, he means *feet* of two ſyllables;—when Lord Kames mentions diſſyllables as peculiarly adapted to the compoſition of Engliſh verſe, he means *words* of two ſyllables;—a material difference; which I do not recollect to have ever ſeen noticed by any of our critical writers.

and of harmony as much perhaps as is conſiſtent with the nature of the ſubjects, and the ſportive turn of the author's thoughts. "The ſoftly ſweet-flowing Lydian meaſure" would ill ſuit *his* compoſitions, abounding in ſudden burſts of wit, intended to *exhilarate*—not to "lull and ſoothe—the mind." Plaintive or ſentimental poetry, and whatever awakens tender feelings, may delight in a gentle, and melodious modulation; and all that rouſes the more powerful emotions, or the more vehement paſſions, may demand a rythm, occaſionally full, ſonorous, and lengthened, ſometimes rapid and abrupt; but light, humorous, ſatirical, and perhaps didactic, poems, ſeem to require numbers varying, and lively,—rather than ſmooth, and harmonious.

The reſult of my own careful obſervation of my friend's verſification is, that it is peculiarly adapted to the ſprightlineſs of his ideas; and though

leſs ſweet than ſtrong, yet being never languid nor monotonous, it generally ſatisfies at once both the ear and the underſtanding. If the reader will take the trouble to ſubſtitute, not in one line only, but in different inſtances, words of fewer ſyllables and a more regular meaſure, in the place of thoſe employed by Mr. Biſhop, and obſerve the conſequent diminution in effect; or if, after having peruſed any production of our modern melodious verſifiers, he will turn to one of the following pages, and conſult his own feelings;— he will then perhaps be the better able to appreciate juſtly the excellence of a modulation, diverſified, forcible, and aptly expreſſive; which often ſeems almoſt inſeparably united with the ſentiment which it was deſigned to convey.

But however this queſtion reſpecting the author's rythm may be determined, (and it is for the *public* to decide!) I am perſuaded that as long as

playfulneſs of fancy, and archneſs of wit,—diſplayed in an happy combination of images, and a conſtant ſucceſſion of original and vigorous conceptions,—and heightened by the beauties of a diction chaſte and compreſſed, elegant and energetic,—ſhall intereſt men's feelings, or command their admiration, ſo long ſhall Mr. Biſhop's poems maintain a reſpectable ſtation among thoſe works which do honor to the Engliſh language.

KENSINGTON GORE,
Nov. 25, 1799.

THOMAS CLARE.

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The errors of the preſs, it is hoped, are few, and do not extend beyond the occaſional omiſſion of a ſtop, or miſtake of a letter; which the reader will eaſily correct for himſelf.

3 AU59

ODES.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ODE I.

ON THE KING's MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

I.

Soft roſe the gales, ordain'd to bear
To Albion's coaſt the choſen Fair,
Her Monarch's future Bride;
When, lo! the Nymph, that loves to dwell
Deep in the pearl-enamell'd cell,
Where Albis' waters glide,
High o'er the wave appear'd, and ſtrung
Her coral lyre, and thus ſhe ſung:—

II.

" Go, ſhare the glory of a Throne,
" Where Virtues, worthy of thine own,
" Congenial luſtre ſhed:
" Go, ſhare the tranſports of a breaſt,
" Whoſe cares ſhall give the Nations reſt,
" And raiſe th' afflicted head:
" Shall burſt th' encroaching tyrant's chain,
" And bid Ambition rage in vain.

III.

" Obedient to the lot aſſign'd,
" Thy country gives thee to mankind,
" And turns her raptur'd eye
" (Prophetic of thy future claim)
" To every dearer, nobler name,
" To every ſtronger tie,—
" When grateful Nations ſhall contend
" To hail thee, Mother, Queen, and Friend.

IV.

" Juſt to a Patriot's generous cares,
" Indulgent to a Kingdom's prayers,
" Heaven's happieſt influence ſhone;
" Each glory Victory's wreath beſtows,
" Each radiance that from Virtue flows,
" At once adorn'd the Throne:
" The Brave, the Good, the Juſt, approv'd,
" And Freedom prais'd,—becauſe ſhe lov'd.

V.

" Thou, when domeſtic ſcenes of joy
" His dearer, tenderer cares employ,
" Shalt ſeize the favouring hour:
" Thoughts, which thy ſoftneſs will ſuggeſt,
" Shall charm at once, and raiſe his breaſt,
" And Love give Virtue power:
" Some added Wreath his brow ſhall bind;
" Some added Good enrich mankind.

VI.

" Then ſhall he bleſs thy kind concern,
" Gladly to Love and Thee return,
" And own his toils repaid;
" Shall own that Heaven for him prepar'd
" The nobleſt toils, the beſt reward;
" And trace from Thee convey'd,
" To every age, on BRITAIN's Throne,
" Deſert and Glory,—like his own."

ODE II.

TO THE QUEEN ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

WRITTEN 1764.

I.

FROM all the bliſs a Queen can feel,
When a whole grateful Nation pays
(Ardent in duty, bold in zeal)
The annual tribute of it's praiſe,

II.

The Royal Dame a moment ſtole,—
Laid down the wreaths her people wrought,
And, wrapt in ſweet ſuſpence of ſoul,
Indulged a Mother's tendereſt thought.

III.

Where, ſooth'd by Slumber's lenient hand,
Two Boys, her infant offspring lay,
Intent ſhe took her ſilent ſtand;
And gave each riſing paſſion way.

IV.

By turns Complacence ſmooth'd her brow,
And Care all-anxious fluſh'd her cheek;
Now glow'd Remembrance;—Fondneſs now
Inſpir'd what utterance could not ſpeak.

V.

Oft Fancy—prompted by concern,
To urge an half-form'd tear began;
And Hope, that made her boſom burn,
Finiſh'd the pearl, and down it ran.

VI.

While thus ſhe ſtood, and look'd, and lov'd,
And fonder ſtill, and happier grew,
(For every look her love improv'd,
And love ſtill ſweeten'd every view,)

VII.

Unſeen the Cherubs hover'd near,
Whom Fate to guard her ſons ordain'd;
They mark'd each joy ſhe felt, each tear,
And thus alternate ſpeech maintain'd:

VIII.

" See" (ſaid the Heav'n-born Form, whoſe care
BRITANNIA's elder hope employ'd)
" What thoughts the Parent's boſom ſhare,
" While Majeſty is unenjoy'd.

IX.

" Yet know, O Queen! 'tis but begun
" The ſtrong ſenſation thou muſt prove;
" Each year, that waits its courſe to run,
" Will bring new ecſtaſy of love.

X.

" How will the ſoul, that ſcarce ſuſtains
" Ev'n now the dear employ to trace
" Features, where ſilent beauty reigns,
" Mere infant innocence and grace!

XI.

" How will it throb, beneath th' exceſs,
" The pangs, the agony of bliſs,
" When from thoſe lips ſoft ſounds ſhall preſs
" To greet another day like this!

XII.

" How will the blood, thro' every vein
" Run thrilling to the Mother's heart;
" When ſhe ſhall ſee her Boy maintain,
" In the Boy's ſport, the Prince's part!

XIII.

" How will her boſom pant, to read
" In every part ſome likeneſs caught;
" Some ſemblance of his Father's deed,
" Some copy of his Mother's thought!

XIV.

" What will ſhe ſay, when Reaſon's voice
" Calls the young powers of action forth,
" Prompts him to chooſe,—and founds his choice
" On plans of dignity and worth!

XV.

" How will ſhe dread each vice ſhe ſees,
" Each gay temptation Courts diſplay,
" The charms of pleaſure, grandeur, eaſe,
" The ſnares that glitter to betray!

XVI.

" What bliſs will intercept her fear,
" Whene'er ſhe ſees her Hero riſe,
" Tender to act, yet ſtill ſevere
" To ſcorn, what virtue ſhould deſpiſe!

XVIII.

" What genial warmth will raiſe her mind,
" When any purpoſe ſeems to ſay,
" He knows what ſervice to mankind
" The Great muſt owe, the Good muſt pay!

XVIII.

" When Echo dwells upon his name,
" And gives it to the nations round,
" How will her heart enjoy th' acclaim,
" And beat and ſpring to every ſound!"

XIX.

So ſaid th' angelic Spirit; and ceas'd:—
And thus his Fellow-guardian cry'd:
" By all theſe joys, and all increas'd,
" The Mother's fondneſs muſt be try'd.

XX.

" While forward, thro' each coming year,
" Maternal care her eyes ſhall caſt,
" My younger Boy, that ſlumbers near,
" Will give her back again the paſt:

XXI.

" Will ſhow her every charm renew'd,
" Each native charm his Brother bore;
" Or with peculiar pow'rs endu'd,
" Awake a joy unfelt before:—

XXII.

" That while the hopes her Firſt-born gave
" Are crown'd by every future deed;
" Her equal love may ſee as brave,
" As dear a progeny ſucceed."

XXIII.

Scarce had he ſpoke, when ſhouts and ſong
Claim'd in the Queen her BRITAIN's part;
She heard—and tow'rd th' applauding throng
Turn'd all the fullneſs of her heart.

ODE III.

ON ELOQUENCE.

I. 1.

AUSPICIOUS influence marks th' important hour,
When conſcious ſympathy owns th' auguſt controul,
Which, ſtrong to triumph in Perſuaſion's power,
Alarms, arreſts, impels, commands the ſoul.
Accordant Paſſions recogniſe it's ſway;
Convinced, applaud it; or ſubdued, obey;
The vocal Magic quells them, as they riſe;
It calls, and Reaſon hears; it blames, and Folly dies.

I. 2.

'Twas thus of old the MAN OF ATHENS ſpoke,
When valour languiſh'd at the cruſh it fear'd;
While PHILIP form'd for GREECE th' opprobrious yoke;
Now lull'd, now brav'd, the Spirit once rever'd:
"Awake," he cry'd, "repel the Intruder's blow!
"Diſtruſt the ſubtle, meet the daring Foe!
"'Tis ſloth, not PHILIP, that diſarms your rage;—
"Succeſs will crown the war, which Honour's cham-
"pions wage."

I. 3.

Silent, awhile, the crowd attend,
Thro' gradual energies aſcend,
From Shame to Hope, Revenge, Diſdain:
They bluſh, reflect, reſolve, unite;
Defy the attack; demand the fight;
And ſpurn th' inſulting Traitor's chain:
Their throbbing breaſts exalted impulſe ſhow;
And all their Sires in all their boſoms glow!

II. 1.

Yet not to rouſe alone th' emaſculate mind,
Or nerve the warrior's arm, does Speech diſplay
Reſiſtleſs rule:—all-various, unconfin'd,
It brings the ſoft ſenſations into day;
It gives the meliorated heart to feel
New joy from pity, and from joy new zeal;
Smooths the ſtern Front, which hard Reſentments ſtrain,
And bends tumultuous Will to Candour's mild domain.

II. 2.

Such was the bland effect, when CÆSAR's ear
To TULLY's plea devout attention gave;
And check'd, in Indignation's mid career,
The World's Proprietor ſtood th' Orator's ſlave:
"I ſhow thee, Cæſar," ſaid the Sage, "I ſhow
"A Prize, no Conqueſt ever could beſtow:
"Thyſelf muſt give it to thyſelf alone,—
"'Tis Mercy's hallow'd Palm!—O make it all thine
"own!"

II. 3.

The mighty Maſter of mankind,
Lur'd by the potent ſpell, reſign'd
Each purpoſe of ſeverer thought;
Forgot the wrongs, the toils he bore;
Indulged vindictive Wrath, no more;
And was, whatever TULLY taught:
When TULLY urg'd the convict Suppliant's prayer,
'Twas Pride to aſſent; 'twas Luxury to ſpare!

III. 1.

BRITAIN! for thee, each emulous Muſe has wrought
Some votive Wreath, ſome Trophy of Renown;
Some Meed of Excellence, Sons of thine have caught,
Where'er Exertion ſtrove for Merit's Crown:
Where then more aptly can the Power divine
Of Claſſic Speech with genuine vigour ſhine,
Than where the Virtues live, whoſe genial fire
Could Rights like thine aſſert, and Laws like thine inſpire?

III. 2.

Methinks I ſee a land of Patriots riſe
Sublime in native Eloquence! around
Th' aſtoniſh'd Nations fix their eager eyes;
And wonder, while they tremble at the ſound.
They learn what labours fill the Hero's life,
What ſtedfaſt dignity, what generous ſtrife!
What efforts beſt adorn him, and improve,
Juſtice, and bold Emprize, Benignity, and Love!

III. 3.

Rival of Deeds in annals old,
By GREEK and ROMAN Genius told,
O juſtify another claim!
With all their ſplendid Praiſe in view,
Preſerve their manly Eloquence too,
To grace thy more illuſtrious Name!
The long records of BRITISH Glory ſwell
With Worth, which only BRITISH Tongues can tell!

ODE IV.

ON DAY.

I.

THRON'D in Empyreal Glory's blaze,
Th' Omnipotent call'd forth a living Ray:
"Go ſpeed," he ſaid, "thy flight benign!
"And where I draw Creation's line,
"Be thou the Torch of Day!"

II.

Proud of ſo high beheſt
Thro' God's auguſt abode,
The obedient Beam a Sun confeſt,
In Orbed Splendor rode.

Upward her eye impregnate Nature caſt,
And hail'd the warm Effulgence as it paſt:
Life glow'd more vigorous, Beauty ſhone more gay:
The Power, whoſe bleſt decree
Bade Life and Beauty be,
To crown all Life and Beauty gave the Day.

III.

Acroſs the wilds, amidſt the groves,
Mark where the feather'd Nation roves!
While eager Viſion ſcarce purſues
Th' eternal change of glittering hues!
Yet vain thoſe glittering hues, and vain
Muſt that eternal change remain,
Till Day, profuſe of Light, illume
Each ſhadowy tint, and flaſh on every plume.

IV.

Lo where the Eagle cuts his way,
Towering athwart th' immenſe of ſky!
No bounds his daring pinion ſtay;
No radiance dims his ardent eye.
Him heavenly Wiſdom form'd of old,
Exceſs of ſpirit to diſcloſe;
And taught his ſtedfaſt courſe to hold,
Where Day's concentrate Luſtre roſe.

V.

Thus he through trackleſs heights unwearied ſoars.
Glad Day meanwhile ſalutes the flowery train,
Where ſweets exhale from thouſand, thouſand pores;
And laviſh Vegetation clothes the plain.
Nor ſcorn his chearing fervors to expand
The faithful marigold's recovering bloom;
Whoſe cloſing buds a mournful progeny ſtand,
While eve's chill ſhades their ſullen reign aſſume.

VI.

Buſy din aſſails mine ears!
Hurried echoes round me play!
'Tis War's rude voice! her banner'd Pomp ſhe rears,
Inſolent to flaunt it in the face of Day!
Commerce! rear thy banners too!
Raiſe thy ſhout of Civic Glee!
Day will rejoice thy trophied March to view,
That blazons Patriot Reign and peaceful Polity.

VII.

Health, O Day! exults to greet thee!
Luſty Strength ſprings forth to meet thee!
Enterpriſe is fond to uſe thee!
Hope, midſt gathering gloom, renews thee!
Science! Genius! love to race thee,
Grac'd by thee! and ſkill'd to grace thee!

VIII.

At heedleſs eaſe in thy prolific Heat,
The tawny native of more Torrid Lands
Baſks him luxurious:—while beneath his feet
His rampant crop, an unſought harveſt ſtands.
To Temperate Climes viciſſitude like thine
Alternate profit and delight ſupplies!
Care reſts from toil, ſecure, at thy decline:
Reſt plans new toils, ſecure to ſee thee riſe!
Ev'n on his rock of everlaſting Froſt
The hard inhabitant of Greenland's ſhore
Buys thy brief ſtay, at twofold winter's coſt,
And but reſigns thee, to enjoy thee more!

ODE V.

ON INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC.

I.

WHERE health and high ſpirits awaken the morn,
And daſh thro' the dews, that impearl the rough thorn,
To ſhouts and to cries
Shrill Echo replies;
While the HORN prompts the ſhout, and the ſhout
greets the Horn.

II.

Loud acroſs the upland ground,
Sweetly mellowing down the vale,
The changeful BELLS ring jocund round,
Where Joy beſtrides the gale;

Herald eager to proclaim
The Lover's bliſs, or Hero's fame.

III.

Shall the FIDDLE's ſprightly ſtrain,
In Pleaſure's realms our feet detain,
Where Youth and Beauty in the dance
Borrow new charms from Elegance?

IV.

Or ſhall we ſtray,
Where ſtately thro' the public way,
Amidſt the TRUMPET's clangors and th' acclaim
Of civic zeal, in long proceſſion move
Nobles and Chiefs of venerable fame;
Or haply Sovereign Majeſty diſplays
To public view the luſtre of its rays,
And proves at once, and wins, a Nation's love.

V.

Hark! how the ſolemn ORGAN calls
Attention's ſober ears to hallow'd walls;
Where meek, yet warm, beneath the Temple's ſhade
Devotion ſeeks with ſtedfaſt eyes
The GOD, whoſe Glories every gloom pervade,
To whom for ever prayer is made,
And daily praiſes riſe!

VI.

What notes in ſwifteſt cadence running,
Thro' many a maze of varied meaſure,
Mingled by the maſter's cunning,
Give th' alarm to feſtive pleaſure?
Cambria! 'twas thus thy HARPS of old,
Each gallant heart's receſs explor'd;
Announcing Feats of Chieftains bold,
To grace the hoſpitable board.

VII.

Mark how the Soldier's eye
Looks proud defiance! How his heart beats high
With glorious expectation! What inſpires—
What fans his martial fires?
What but the power of Sound?
The clamorous DRUMS his anxious ardour raiſe,
His blood flows quicker round;
At once he hears, he feels, enjoys, obeys.

VIII.

Where gath'ring ſtorms inceſſant lower,
And niggard Nature chills th' abortive grain;
From her bleak heights ſee SCOTLAND pour
Blithe Lads and Laſſes trim; an hardy train,
Down the crag, and o'er the lea,
Following ſtill with hearty glee
The BAGPIPES mellow minſtrelſy.

IX.

Where cloudleſs ſuns with glowing dies
Tinge ITALY's ſerener ſkies,
Soft, the winding lawns along,
The Lover's LUTE complains;
While ling'ring Echo learns the ſong,
Gives it the woods, and loth to loſe
One accent of th' impaſſion'd Muſe,
Bids woods return it to the plains.

X.

Time was when, ſtretch'd beneath the beechen ſhade,
The ſimple Shepherd warbled his ſweet lay;
Lur'd to his ruſtic REED the gentle maid,
Welcom'd the morn, and caroll'd down the day.
Why do our Swains depart from ancient lore?
Why ſounds no Paſt'ral Reed on Britain's ſhore?
—The Innocence, which tuned it, is no more!

HYMN.

ON THE SPRING.

WHILE Nature, full of milder grace,
Expects the glad return of Spring;
Already ſee the feather'd race
Chaunt jocund on exulting wing!

The riſing flowers, the budding trees,
Each airy ſongſter's notes inſpire,
Nor ſhall my Muſe forget with theſe
To join the univerſal Choir.

Hail! Parent! God! Creator! hail!
Rich fount of life, of ſenſe, of joy!
Thy praiſe, 'till this weak tongue ſhall fail,
For ever ſhall this tongue employ.

When morn diſpels the ſhades of night,
I trace thee thro' the livelong day;
When eve ſucceeds retiring light,
Thy Name ſtill animates my lay.

While taught by thy unerring ſkill,
Succeſſive ſeaſons intervene,
Earth all-obedient hears thy will,
And ſpreads the vegetable ſcene.

Thy ſun, the herald of thy praiſe,
Fills with new life the pregnant plains,
Pours on each ſpot the vital rays;
Bids each be born; and born, ſuſtains.

The brood, that crowds the wat'ry ſpace,
The rapid ſtreams, and trickling rills,
The inſect troops, the reptile race,
The cattle on a thouſand hills,

All, all confeſs thy tender care,
And thine Almighty Power proclaim;
Thro' earth and ſea, and trackleſs air,
The voice of Nature is the ſame.

The bright aſſembled worlds on high,
Roll conſtant thro' the liquid ſpace,
With ſparkling glories gild the ſky,
Where thy great hand deſcribes their race.

The dew-bent clouds, for Thee, their Lord,
Diſtill the gentle kindly ſhow'r;
Or, ready to fulfil thy word,
The fierce impetuous torrent pour.

Reſtrain'd by thee, the fanning gales
The thick wood's waving ſurface ſweep,
Or, loos'd, ruſh head-long thro' the vales,
And plow the hoarſe-reſounding deep.

At thy command, in ſilent flakes
Congeal'd deſcends the fleecy ſnow;
Vaſt ice incruſts the ſtagnate lakes;
And ſtreams arreſted, ceaſe to flow.

By thy Almighty Nod enlarg'd,
The awful thunder ſhakes the ſkies;
And thro' the cleft expanſe diſcharg'd,
Sudden the forked lightning flies.

" See this, thou madly ſtubborn mind,
" Whom wilful error leads aſtray;
" Whoſe eye to fair experience blind,
" Amidſt the circling blaze of day,

" Can ſee no Providence Divine,
" The wiſe, the wond'rous plan advance;
" No Pow'r ſupreme thro' Nature ſhine;
" No world but this; no God but chance.

" Put off the mean, the fatal pride,
" Which turns thy foot from truth's plain road,
" And own a God alone ſupplied
" The very pow'r to doubt a God.

" From Him, th' exhauſtleſs ſource of good,
" Thy parts, thine active ſpirits flow;
" Thro' His kind aid is underſtood
" All art can teach, all man can know.

" And art thou ſtill perverſely wrong?
" Thy raſh reſolves can nothing move?
" Not all th' amazing proofs that throng,
" Within, around thee, and above!

" Perſiſt! but know the day will come,
" (Be ſure 'twill come;—perhaps 'tis near!)
" When thou, beneath conviction dumb,
" Confus'd and conſcious ſhalt appear;—

" When thou with ſhame, remorſe, and tears,
" Shalt open thine unwilling eyes;
" Shalt feel the truth thy folly ſneers;
" Shalt try the Pow'r, thy pride denies!"

Exalted then to perfect bliſs,
O'er worlds of joy the good ſhall rove;
Who ſought thoſe happier worlds in this,
Thro' faith, integrity, and love.

Tranſporting thought!—" O God! thy grace,
" As onward dazzled reaſon goes,
" Bright and more bright it's beam diſplays;
" More glorious ſcenes of wonder ſhows!"

In vain, my Muſe, thy hand eſſays
To tune the faintly-ſounding ſhell;
Leave to Eternity the praiſe,
Which ſcarce Eternity can tell.

THE

MAN OF TASTE:

IN IMITATION OF MILTON.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

MAN OF TASTE.

HENCE! Phantom! weak, and vain,
FASHION! of Indolence and Folly born!
Nurs'd by Conceit and Scorn!
And cradled in the wild, diſtemper'd brain!
Go! Hoyden, as thou art,
A full-grown Baby! ſkittiſh! prone to range!
Chang'd, evermore to change!
Find out ſome high tower's pinnacle! and watch
The ſhifting vane to catch,
That veers with every blaſt, to every part!

But come! thou ſober Influence,
Whom GENIUS bore of old to SENSE!

TASTE, thy Name!—Beneath a ſhade,
By arched oaks embowering, made,
SENSE his ſtand, deep-muſing, took;
With fixed foot, and ſtedfaſt look,
Nature's handy-work ſurveying;—
Where fruit and flower the meads arraying,
Laviſh of hues, that might outvie
The many-tinged rainbow's die,
Show'd heavenly pencilling!—What time
GENIUS, the Wood-nymph, in her prime
Of bloom and ſpirit, paſt along;
Light of heart; and frank of ſong;
Vagrant, on a fleet Zephyr's wing,
Plund'ring the magazines of Spring;
Vermil tints, and perfum'd air,
Gathering here; and ſcattering there!
HER the thought-wrapt Being eſpied
Glancing comely by his ſide;
And, with ſudden paſſion fir'd,
Follow'd ſtill, as She retir'd:

Soon won, with ardent vows, her mind,
And in meet Eſpouſal join'd,
In happieſt hour the Bride embrac'd!
—Hence th' auſpicious Birth of TASTE!
Come! decent Nymph! in ample veſt;
Of ſeemly-ſuited colours dreſt!—
Come thou, TASTE! and bring with thee,
The Maiden, meek Simplicity!—
Come! and give mine eye to ſtray,
Where thou deigneſt to diſplay
Thy dœdal pow'r, ſuch grace to teach,
As Nature loves, but cannot reach!
Let us oft our viſit pay,
(In the pure matin prime of day,
E'er the high ſun hath drank the dews,)
To where the Poet courts the Muſe!
Him, I mean, who bows the knee,
In homage ſtill ſubmiſs to Thee!
Whom thy ſteady rule hath taught
To form the Plan, and point the Thought;

To Paſſion all it's voice to give;
And bid the warm Deſcription live!
Him, who ne'er in evil hour,
Miſtaking ſtrong deſire for pow'r,
Couples ideas vague and rude,
Match'd, without ſimilitude!
Where, wedg'd in heterogeneous rank,
Tall Metaphors each other flank;
And ſeem in ſuch confuſion ſet,
As if they wonder'd how they met:
Or under an huge pile of Phraſe,
Which idly-grouped Figures raiſe
With blank and alien Epithets,
The dull drudge Affectation ſweats!
Nor let my foot the ſpot forbear,
Where Judgment takes the critic chair;
Commanding at her ſide to ſtand,
Candor, and Spirit, hand in hand;
Bidding mine eye ſome canvas trace,
Where the bold Outline's ſoft'ned grace,

Expreſſion rich, and chaſte Deſign,
With delicate Neglect combine;
Till rapt attention, fairly caught,
Fill me with all the Painter's thought!
  Haply, ſome riſing Dome ſhall claim
My glad obſervance; where the Dame
Propriety, throughout preſiding,
Plan, Meaſure, Execution, guiding,
Blends neat Convenience with Expence,
Proportion with Magnificence:
While Attic Elegance and Eaſe
Help Roman Grandeur more to pleaſe;
And Roman Grandeur doth advance
The Attic Eaſe and Elegance!
My ſoul, meanwhile, with rapture ranging
O'er parts in apteſt order changing,
Sees every Art of every Coaſt
Become my Country's gradual boaſt.
  Or if domeſtic objects wake
Mine inclination; let me take

Beſide the Family Hearth, my ſtand,
Where, Good-nature, blithe and bland,
Calls, with more than magic force,
Every Grace and Joy of courſe;
Speeding the buxom hours along,
With converſe ſweet, free jeſt, prompt ſong;
Teaching each excellence to find
The inmoſt boſom, where inſhrin'd
Sits chaſte Decorum; holding ſtill
In bands of ſilk the truant Will;
While Mirth and Virtue walk at eaſe;
Prone to be pleas'd; and glad to pleaſe.
Sometime wand'ring, let me meet,
Seldom found, the bliſsful Seat,
Where Diſcretion, mildly ſage,
Watches o'er the riſing age;
Warning ſtill the parent's care
To ſnatch from Folly's gripe, his heir;
Leſſoning the virgin ears of youth
In that moſt glorious ſcience—Truth—

Truth of Thought,—due praiſe to give!
Truth of Heart,—to act and live!
Or training for the public ſcene,
The ſocial conſciouſneſs ſerene;
Which founds (un-dup'd by popular names)
On general duties, private claims;
And general claims, where'er they riſe,
By private duty's ſtandard tries:
Convinc'd that, in dominion's ſcale
Whatever civil plans prevail,
The Almighty word, which form'd this ball,
Made Man for Man; and ALL for ALL.

TASTE!—if with me thou deign to dwell,
Let ſigns like theſe, thy influence tell;
Mode, Whim, Expence, and awkward Pain,
Uſurp thy ſemblance, all in vain;
Invention, with Proportion join'd,
Ardor corrected, Strength refin'd,
Announce (in ſpite of crude pretence)
The Child of GENIUS and of SENSE!

THE

PREACHER:

IN IMITATION OF MILTON.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE
PREACHER.

SERAPH of Truth! (Thou who to IMLAH's ſon,
MICAIAH, Seer of the Moſt High, didſt ſhew
The lying ſpirit, from the Throne of GOD
Sent forth, to lure with language of fair hope
AHAB, death-doom'd, to RAMOTH,) Oh! vouchſafe
A moment of thy luſtre to mine eye,
Elſe dark; and guide me, inexpert and weak,
Thro' argument, to mortal phantaſie
Inſcrutable, ſave with Cœleſtial Aid.
Arduous the taſk to fix the wilful mind
Of heedleſs Man! and lead intelligence

To it's prime ſource, the One Great Infinite,
The Firſt, Supreme, Eſſential Excellence,
Glory of Glories! Majeſty of Might!—
—Bleſt Contemplation! could the Preacher dwell
For ever on that theme!—But ah! too ſoon
Juſtice amidſt th' eternal attributes
Lifts her ſtern front; and to reflection's glance
Unfolds a crimſon Regiſter: the Heart
Conſcious recoils; and owns the dreadful record
A tranſcript of itſelf.—Where now, vile Man!
Whefe, Sinner! where, Pollution! is thy refuge?
The Power, the Wiſdom,—and whate'er thou ſaw'ſt
In Him, the Almighty—ſaw'ſt rejoicing—now
But ſerves to arm with tenfold energy
Affronted Vengeance!—And th' Empyreal Brightneſs,
(Brightneſs to pure Angelic Spirits,) to Thee
Gleams kindling Terrors of Omnipotence,
And flaming ſhafts of Wrath inevitable.

Yet e'er thou ſink beneath th' incumbent weight
Of Guilt, and of Diſmay, attend once more

The Preacher's call—Raiſe, thou appall'd, thy face
Again tow'rd Heaven's high Throne; look up; and ſee
Incarnate Deity, the Word, the Life,
The Word of Life, the Life of Righteouſneſs,
The very conſubſtantial Son of God,
Become thy Advocate, thy Expiation,
Thy Health, thy Stay, thy Heritage for ever!
Oh! glorious Tidings! Oh ſupreme delight
To give theſe tidings to Mankind!
To point Redemption out! to pour the balm
Of Peace and Comfort on Deſpair! to lead
Repentant ſenſe to Faith; and Faith to Purity,
And Purity to Zeal, and Zeal to Virtue,
And Virtue to the Chriſtian's high pre-eminence,
His eſſence, his perfection—Charity!
Such purpoſe, ſo important, dignifies
The Preacher's occupation:—ill diſcharg'd
When Pride aſſumes the veil of Sanctity,
Adminiſt'ring thro' ſpiritual dominion
To lordly empire o'er the lives of men;

Such as in Rome, or fartheſt Paraguay,
Pontiff or Jeſuit, by threats or wiles,
Bull, Relique, Legend, Sophiſm, Sword, or Fire,
Eſtabliſh'd.—Nor doth he diſhonour leſs
His hallow'd Calling, who for Doctrines gives
Interpretation, private, perſonal,
Fantaſtic, or unfruitful; changing thus
The Image of the Sole Immutable,
To likeneſs of mere Man.—Nor he, who, fir'd
By worldly objects, lucre, or th' acclaim
Of ſhallow multitudes, makes holy Truth
Deluſion's inſtrument.—Nor he, who pines
Envious of excellence, and low'rs gaunt ſcorn,
If chance a brother's merit riſe to view.
Far other ſigns, far other principles
Mark the true Preacher; mark his life, his judgment,
His eloquence, his converſe, his affections.
Meekneſs, Complacence, gentle Sympathy,
Cheerful Conceſſion, manly Perſeverance,
The Dignity of Truth, the Condeſcenſion

Of ever-during Patience and ſweet Candour,
The Wiſh, the warm Solicitude to ſpread
Good-will, improvement, amity, joy, confidence,
Salvation,—theſe inſpire him—theſe exalt
His thought, act, ſpeech. - Thou alſo, Virgin-born,
Saviour of Men! Thou alſo giv'ſt thy Spirit
To him, whom thou approveſt,—Him, whoſe zeal
Deſcribes Thee, as Thou art; Author and Finiſher
Of Faith, Obedience, peaceful Modeſty,
And Love uncircumſcribed;—who, moſt reſembling,
But teaches mortals to reſemble thee
By Holineſs on earth;—that, made hereafter
Immortal like thyſelf, they may partake
Thy purchas'd Kingdom,—purchas'd by the pains
Of ſuffering Godhead; and around thy ſeat
Clad with ethereal Radiance, reſound
Thy triumphs—Sin aboliſh'd, Death deſtroy'd,
The Juſt made perfect, and thy Faithful-ones
Thron'd in Beatitude for Evermore!

THE

FAIRY BENISON;

AN INTERLUDE:

IN IMITATION OF SHAKESPEARE.

[Deſigned to have been performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, on the firſt night when the PRINCE OF WALES ſhould be preſent.]

WRITTEN IN 1766.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TITANIA.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

THE
FAIRY BENISON;
AN INTERLUDE.

SCENE I.

Enter PUCK.

THOROUGH blaſt, and thorough dew,
Over field and over town,
Along yon Creſcent's glimpſe I flew,
And here the Moon-beam ſets me down.
By great TITANIA's ſtrict command
I ſtole from out the Fairy-land;
" Go, PUCK," ſhe cry'd, " Go; fly; pervade
" Cloud-curtained eve's unfolding ſhade,
" And whereſoe'er thou ſhalt eſpy
" The Flower of earthly Royalty,

" A Prince, the Hope of Worlds, between
" A Briton King, and German Queen,
" Say, I, TITANIA, bade thee there
" My warmeſt gratulations bear:
" Then with a thought return again,
" Ere OBERON miſs thee from his train."
A Prince, the Hope of Worlds, between
A Briton King, and German Queen,
Theſe muſt I ſeek; till theſe I find,
Fleet on ſwift wings, and leave the breeze behind.

[Going off, he ſees the King, Queen, Prince, &c. and after a pauſe proceeds.]

Miſts! that mortal eye-balls dim;
Forms! in fluid air that ſwim;
Vaniſh from before my view!
— Ha! the glorious Viſion's true!
They are the Father! Mother! Son!
— Now my part will ſoon be done.

[Flouriſh of Trumpets.]

O ſpight! theſe ſounds our King's approach proclaim;
If PUCK is caught, TITANIA bears the blame.

SCENE II.

Flat opens, and diſcovers OBERON *and* TITANIA *deſcending from Fairy Land.*

OBERON.

See, there, my Love, the young and princely Bud,
Whoſe bloſſoming fair Freedom doats upon!
[Sees PUCK.]

Hah PUCK! what makes he here?—TITANIA,
I fear me much, thy too officious haſte
Hath play'd me falſe: Thou didſt not ſend that Sprite?

TITANIA.

In ſooth, my Lord, I did.

OBERON.

It was a deed,
That ſhames the doer.—What?—Our ſeveral laws

Ev'n like our private and connubial loves,
Made for this Prince, but one incorporate fondneſs;
Our preſent ſpeeding held one common ſcope,
To greet him with our earlieſt. Knowing this,
Why hath TITANIA from her OBERON
Pilfer'd the vantage of a little hour,
So beggaring our joint purpoſe?—Was this well?
Indeed it was not well.

TITANIA.

Why! Wherein ill, my Lord?
True, I did ſhare your counſels; did approve
Your coming; and with guſt as high as yours,
Dwell on yon ſplendid ſcene, that to mine eyes
Preſents the royal Youth, and throned Pair,
Whoſe fortunes and whoſe honors hold my love
In equal poize with yours:—Yet, OBERON,
Whene'er you urg'd me to this welcome journey,
Your talk ne'er promis'd other Beniſon,
Save what comports with manhood—Conſcious Dig-
nity

Of Soul; and Glory, that laborious Virtue
Muſt win by ſufferance, and preſerve by toils,
Severe as thoſe which earn'd it: theſe you call'd
Imperial Diſtinctions: theſe, you ſaid,
Muſt give the Son a ſemblance of his Father:
Theſe dictated your deſtin'd gratulation.

OBERON.

So Kings ſhould wiſh for thoſe who ſhall be Kings.

TITANIA.

So Kings ſhould wiſh!—And therein OBERON
Doth wiſh as ſhould a King.—But wh[illegible] muſt OBERON
Square to his ſingle and particular thought
The ſum and ſtandard of all princely bleſſedneſs?
—So Kings ſhould wiſh! Have Queens no wiſhes then?
Aye—but great OBERON ſaith, our ſeveral cares
For this ſame Prince, like our connubial loves,
Made one incorporate fondneſs.—Be it ſo—
Then ſhould our cares be voiced ſeverally,

Like our own loves, united, but diſtinct.
So grow their loves, whoſe Son hath brought us hither.
I grant he is a boy, a manly one:
I grant he hath a Father, whom to imitate
Will aſk a ſtrain of Spirit and Benevolence,
Expectance ne'er could warrant, till the fact
Pronounc'd it poſſible.—What then?—Doth that
Annul my claim and proper privilege?
Hath not the boy a Mother? Yes.—And I,
A female as I am, have fram'd a wiſh,
May lure a mother's ear, as ſoon, perhaps,
As aught that ſcornful OBERON hath prepar'd,
Elbowing all humbler emulation.
To bear that wiſh I ſent the very Sprite,
Whoſe preſence moves thee ſo.

OBERON.

Alas! thou raſh one!
Thine ill-adviſed cunning, like a ſhaft
Drawn by an eager and unpractis'd hand,

Hath over-paſt its aim.—Now hear me, Lady.
Thou doſt remember, when, upon a time,
We read together in the fairy court
The ſacred book of mortal deſtiny.
There did I find th' eternal mandate written,
Which ſaid a German fair, this very Queen,
A virgin princeſs then, ſhould ſhare and grace
The bed and ſceptre of a Britiſh King,
Juſt new to manhood, tho' right well advanc'd
In kingly properties.—Thou doſt not heed me!

TITANIA.

Moſt faithfully, my Lord.

OBERON.

Obſerving this
(For that thou knoweſt what part in our regard
Doth BRITAIN's Court poſſeſs) I ſped me ſtraight
(Fraught with ſuch fairy gifts, as beſt might fit
A damſel of her ſtate, odours and charms,

That our ſtill vagrant Elves in earth or air,
From flowers and dews extract) ev'n to the court
Where dwelt this choſen dame, and future Queen.
There, when I came, expecting to have found
A Lady buſied in ſuch tricks of fancy,
As young and blitheſome beauties do delight in;
Mark me, TITANIA, I did ſee a maid,
A very maid, pleading the cauſe of Nations,
Expoſtulating with a Sovereign warrior *,
To ſave a ravag'd country.—Canſt thou think
An heart ſo early great, ſo exquiſitely,
Tho' in a woman, will accept or heed,
In favour of her ſon, her eldeſt hope,
Thy goſſip's talk, thy ſugar'd lullaby,
Thy wiſh, that ſuits a common mother's ear?
Away! Away!

* The KING OF PRUSSIA.

TITANIA.

'Tis well, my haughty Monarch.
Is OBERON then to learn, that the beſt hearts,
The moſt aſpiring, and the braveſt, cheriſh
Moſt comprehenſive feelings? Little minds
Do judge of great things, like the purblind gnat,
That deems a fly, a monſter. Nobler natures
Encompaſs univerſal circumſtance:
And while they can create their own enjoyment,
Find pleaſing occupation every where.
The maid, that had a ſigh for public ſorrows,
Was happy, ſeeking to relieve thoſe ſorrows;
And being now a mother, will indulge,
Ev'n tho' a goſſip's lullaby excite it,
A mother's ecſtaſy.—You, Sir, have ſeen her
Pleading the cauſe of nations.—I too, Sir,
I too have ſeen her; I have ſeen her wear
The robe of Majeſty; yet never ſo,
But that ſhe might deſcend to eaſe and ſweetneſs,

All royalty preſerv'd. We both have liſten'd,
When midſt the courtly bands, like one enraptur'd,
She hath enrich'd the gales with heaven-taught harmony:
Yet dwelt ſuch mildneſs on her brow the while,
Such meek complacence, as did ſeem to ſay,
She could have own'd a pleaſure in approving
A milk-maid's madrigal!—We both have ſeen
Her conſort Lord, amidſt the cares of millions,
Their homage, their applauſe, yearn to releaſe
A death-doom'd felon's * forfeit!—ſurely then,
Where regal boſoms bear ſo bland affections,
TITANIA's talk as well may hope acceſs,
As OBERON's benediction look for welcome.

OBERON.

No more, TITANIA:—Our contention
Doth trifle with occaſion.—Thou, my Queen,
Shalt add thy wiſh to mine; and let our Train
In general chorus, to the paſſing winds,

* TURBOT, ſon of TURBOT the Comedian.

Impart our high beheſts; that Elves and Fays,
Thro' all the airy regions OBERON ſways,
May pay due reverence, where their Sovereign pays.

SONG with CHORUS.

OBERON.

TRUTH! who dar'ſt that Light to try,
Whoſe ſplendor mocks the eagle's eye;
HONOUR! whoſe unchanging rays,
Do foil the Diamond's ſtedfaſt blaze;
Teach the Prince to earn the fame,
That ſanctifies a Monarch's claim!

TITANIA.

Sweet CONTENT! that lov'ſt to reſt
Pillow'd on the Cygnet's breaſt;
INNOCENCE! whoſe maiden care
Doth bleach for ſpring the ſnow-drop fair;
Smooth his way thro' all the pains,
A Monarch for Mankind ſuſtains!

OBERON.

JUSTICE! who with dreadful pride
Athwart the Thunder-ſhaft doſt glide;
MERCY! whoſe ſoft dew doth glow
Serene in Heav'n's high-tinged Bow;
Teach the Prince to earn the fame,
That crowns his Briton Father's claim!

TITANIA.

Roſe-hu'd HEALTH! whoſe treſſes ſhed
The fragrance luſty Morn hath ſpread;
Playful MIRTH! that oft doſt ride
Upon the Lambkin's fleece aſtride;
Smooth his way thro' all the pains,
His Father for Mankind ſuſtains!

OBERON.

VIRTUE! to reward his cares,
Let every Palm his Father wears,
At once inſpire him and adorn!

TITANIA.

Love! for him with all the ſtore
Of virgin Charms his Mother bore,
Bedeck ſome Princeſs yet unborn!

GENERAL CHORUS.

Union! Plenty! Joy! and Peace!
With his growing Years increaſe!
Glory! Gratitude! and Praise!
Bleſs him thro' the length of Days!

VERSES

ON

OCCASIONAL SUBJECTS.

Spoken at MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL, on the Days of Public Examination.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Beſides the Day of Election of Scholars to SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE in OXFORD, there are in every Year two other Public Examinations of MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL; at which the Maſter and Wardens of the COMPANY, with ſome other Members of the Court of Aſſiſtants, are preſent: and to them each of the eight Monitors addreſſes a Copy of Verſes in Latin, and another in Engliſh. The Subjects are choſen by the Maſter of the School, and it has been cuſtomary to fix on one *general* Subject, including, or connected with, ſeven others.

The following Poems are ſelected from a much greater number, which the Author had written for thoſe occaſions.

THE LIBRARY.

HAIL! Contemplation! grave, majeſtic Dame!
In thee, glad Science greets a Parent's name:
Thine is each art of ſpeech, each rapturous ſtrain:
The Graces lead, the Virtues fill thy train!
  From all of evil, life or dreads, or knows,
It's real trifles, and it's fancied woes,
O! lead thy Votary! penſive, yet ſerene,
To ſome lone ſeat, thy favorite, hallow'd ſcene,—
Where his calm breaſt may every power employ;
Feel ſelf-born peace, and independent joy.
  And ſee! the Library my ſteps invites;
Fraught with true profit, and with pure delights;

Calls to a feaſt, which elegance muſt love,
The man muſt reliſh, and the heart approve.

How awful is the Spot!—Each honour'd Name,
Each theme of modern praiſe, and early fame,
Bards, Stateſmen, Sages, lov'd, rever'd, admir'd,
Whom Senſe enlighten'd, and whom Glory fir'd,
Riſe to my view, ſtill ſweet, ſtill great, ſtill bold,
Alive in power, and active as of old.

Yes! waſteful TIME! here, here, thy rage is vain!
Away! fond Boaſter!—GENIUS ſcorns thy reign.

The Poet here, whom generous tranſport rais'd,
Survives coëval with the worth he prais'd.
If Deeds exalted gave his breaſt to glow,
Or Pity bade him ſympathize with Woe;
If ſweetly ſoft he choſe the Lover's part;
Or Truth to Satire urg'd his honeſt heart;
His Verſe ſtill lives, his Sentiment ſtill warms,
His Lyre ſtill warbles; and his Wit ſtill charms.

Here by the paſt to form the riſing age,
The grave Hiſtorian ſpreads his ample page;

Whoſe faithful care preſerves the Hero's fame,
Or damns to infamy the Traitor's name;
Whoſe Records bid fair Virtue ever live;
And ſhare immortal, in the life they give.

Here the firm Patriot, on whoſe winning tongue,
The ſnow-ſoft dews of mild Perſuaſion hung,
Who knew to lead, inſpirit, and controul
The ductile Paſſions,—and uſurp the Soul;
Still pleads, ſtill rules; now lively, now ſevere;
Exalts the purpoſe; or commands the tear.

Here the firm friends of Science and of Man,
Who taught new Arts, or open'd Nature's Plan;
Who each improv'd, or drew from both combin'd,
Health to the Body, vigor to the Mind;
Who bade Mankind to nobler aims ariſe,
More good, more juſt, more happy, or more wiſe;
Shine, deathleſs, as the bliſs their toil procur'd;
While mem'ry pays the debt, deſert enſur'd.

In ſuch lov'd ſpot (if Fortune deign to ſmile)
Calm let *me* live, and every care beguile;

Hold converſe with the Great of every time,
The Learn'd of every claſs, the Good of every clime!
There better ſtill, as wiſer grow; and there
('Tis juſt ambition, tho' 'tis hopeleſs prayer)
Still found, like them, on real worth my claim;
And catch their Merit, to partake their Fame.

THE NURSERY.

From hopes and cares, whoſe ſerious influence leads
To more important thought, and graver deeds,
The Muſe, (who ſeeks to lighten Life's ſad load,
And ſtrew with mingled flowers our dreary road,)
Calls you to pleaſures, real, chaſte, ſerene:—
O! ſpare a moment for ſo ſweet a ſcene!
Calls you to trace with retroſpective view,
The works your Childhood wrought, the joys it knew;
From ſimple breaſts, when harmleſs paſſions broke;
When infant liſpings, nature's language ſpoke;
When all the Soul unbiaſs'd, free, ſincere,
Glow'd in each ſmile, and guſh'd in every tear.
See the dear ſpot, whoſe little bounds employ
The Girl's whole *taſte*, the *buſineſs* of the Boy!

Her fluttering boſom, ſplendid trifles warm:
Each colour charms; and change renews the charm.
Mark with what ecſtaſy her ceaſeleſs care
Diſtributes beauties here, adapts them there:
While mix'd a thouſand times, a thouſand ways,
Rich tinſel beams, and glaſſy diamonds blaze:
Embrios of future faſhions, to engage
More ſerious ſtudies in maturer age;
When equal cares, with equal power will reign,
Perhaps leſs innocent, perhaps more vain!

The Boy, meanwhile, whom other objects fire,
Fulfils in varied toils each new deſire:
Now round and round the room with haſty ſtrides,
On oaken ſteeds, a traveller he rides;
Laborious now, his ſtrength to climb he tries,
To heights unknown ſolicitous to riſe:
Thron'd in a chair, looks down on things below,
A King—in thought, in ſpirit, and in ſhow.

Perhaps, if powers of different influence ſway,
Mechanic works employ his buſy day:

Then fondly anxious to ſecure an home,
He meditates intent the future dome;
Cards rear'd on cards, in gaudy rows aſcend,
Till in a ſpire his little labours end.
But ah! how oft, ere that glad point he gain,
Will fickle fortune make thoſe labours vain!
How oft mere accident his rage provoke
To cruſh th' imperfect frame at one vindictive ſtroke!
Trifles like theſe, which breaſts ſo pure employ,
'Tis joy to ſee, 'tis merit to enjoy!
Trifles like theſe, their purport if we ſcan,
Mark in the boy, the features of the man.
Watch then, ye Parents, with peculiar care,
What favourite toys engage the riſing heir:
Learn thence what Virtues, happier than the reſt,
Will grace his temper moſt, or pleaſe it beſt;
On theſe your hopes, your ſchemes, your proſpects raiſe;
By theſe inſtruct, and try; reprove, and praiſe:
Theſe Senſe will aid; theſe Reaſon will improve;
And what the Child has *felt*, the Man will *love*.

THE LEADING-STRING.

GUIDE of my wayward ſteps, when young deſire
Caught the firſt ſpark of Emulation's fire,
(Whoſe genial power, enkindling as it ran,
Rais'd Life, to Senſe, to Reaſon, and to Man,)
Still, ſtill my ſoul in memory's inmoſt cell,
Where images moſt dear, moſt ſacred dwell,
With willing gratitude retains, reveres,
Thy faithful ſervice to my weakeſt years!

Oft as my thoughts recall thoſe early days,
Thy gentle aid demands my warmeſt praiſe;
By thee at once directed, and ſuſtain'd,
Unhurt I rov'd, where countleſs dangers reign'd;

Where elſe, each petty pebble had o'erthrown
An helpleſs wanderer, in a world unknown.
Beneath a thouſand forms reflection ſhows
Combining perils, hardſhips, pains, and woes:
O! baneful influence, every moment ſpread
In varied terrors o'er an infant's head;
Whom ſtill, alike unconſcious, unalarm'd,
The plain invited, and the deſert charm'd;
Whoſe heedleſs foot, with equal haſte had trod
The fatal precipice, and flowery road;
Who fondly raſh, no other object knew,
Than what each changing trifle ſet to view;—
Tir'd of the preſent, fond of that which flies;
Still prone to fall, and impotent to riſe.
Ev'n now I tremble at th' affecting ſcene:—
—Be firm my Soul!—What can this tranſport mean?
Hark! on mine ear ſome ſound more awful breaks!
—'Tis no illuſion!—'tis the Muſe that ſpeaks.
"My ſon!" ſhe ſays, "if thus, thine heart, aghaſt,
"Starts at the little ſnares thy childhood paſt,

" Think, think, what dangers wait thee now!—for
" know
" Thou art ſtill an Infant, in a world of woe:—
" Still in thy way, Vice, Vanity, Diſgrace,
" Spread the broad net, that will obſtruct thy race;
" Conceal the rock, that tempts with ſpecious ſhow
" Thy foot, to plunge thee in th' abyſs below;
" Haſte thee; prepare thee, for th' unequal ſtrife,
" And take from me, the Leading-ſtrings of Life.
" Be Virtue firſt thy care, thy wiſh, thine aim;
" Her rules thy ſtandard, her applauſe thy fame:
" To her thy ſteps let fair Diſcretion lead;
" Let Truth inſpire thy thought, and crown thy
" deed;
" Let ſage Experience guide thy hand and voice;
" Be ſlow to chooſe; but conſtant in thy choice;
" To Mercy's dictates open all thy breaſt:—
" Be Good—and Heaven will teach thee to be Bleſt."

THE CAT.

LET me beſeech you, Sirs, forbear to blame—
I'm half afraid to tell my ſubject's name:
Men have averſions—ſome to this, ſome that;—
Does any body here diſlike a Cat?—
—Pray let him ſpeak, who hates the theme I try:
For not to mince the matter, ſo do I.
I've toil'd full ſore for rhyme, and pump'd for ſenſe:
One would not take ſuch pains, to give offence.
—Well, Gentlemen, be free;—condemn my part:—
I'll drop it for your ſakes, with all my heart.
What! mute?—will no good creature take my hint?
—Then you muſt take my verſe—that's all that's in't.

Fain would I here relate the Honours won
By Wight of old ycleped WHITTINGTON;
How with his Cat, to diſtant lands he came;
And ſav'd—from vermin—Realms without a name;
How LONDON City thrice beneath his ſway,
Confirm'd the preſage of that happy day,
When echoing bells their greeting thus begun,
"Return, thrice Mayor! Return, O WHITTING-
"TON!"
—But themes like theſe, to loftier Bards belong;
Too weak my voice, too ſimple is my ſong:
If things of humbler import grace my lays,
Enough for me the burthen, and the praiſe.
Oft at the ſocial hearth my ſoul has hung,
Intently anxious, on the matron's tongue,
Whoſe fertile fancy, by tradition led,
In every object, Fate's dark purpoſe read;
Much myſtic lore of various uſe ſhe knew;
Why coals ſeem coffins, and why flames burn
blue.

But ne'er did ſign ſo firm belief procure,
Not ev'n the winding-ſheet was half ſo ſure,
As when her Cat th' important omen gave,—
Alike ſignificant, if gay or grave.
If with her tail Puſs play'd, in frolic mood,
Herſelf purſuing, by herſelf purſu'd,
See! cry'd my Nurſe, ſhe bids for rain prepare;
A ſtorm, be ſure, is gathering in the air:
If near the fire the kitten's back was found,
Froſt was at hand, and ſnows hung hovering round:
Her paw prophetic, rais'd above her ear,
Foretold a viſit, for ſome friend was near.
Nor did the Cat the Dame *alone* employ;
Her Cat had ſomething to engage her Boy.
How has my boſom beat, when ſtolen aſide,
By facts the truth of ſtrange reports I tried;
Saw thro' deep night her eyes' relucent rays;
And taught her fur with lambent fires to blaze!

" Ceaſe, Trifler, ceaſe," methinks I hear you ſay,
" From nurſery legends, and from children's " play :"
—'Tis juſt reproof—I feel it, and obey.

Yet let me tell you, vain as they appear,
Theſe trifles pleas'd, when pleaſure was ſincere ;
To joys, in age unknown, they rais'd the breaſt,
Form'd all it's cares, and bade thoſe cares be bleſt.

THE EYE.

To ſay what wond'rous ſkill, what happy care,
Taught the bold Eye the blaze of day to bear,
Thro' fluid ſpace with piercing ken to pry,
To meaſure earth, and comprehend the ſky,
Is but to tell, what every moment ſhows,
That Heaven no bounds in power or bounty knows,
All-mighty, when it works; All-good, when it beſtows.

This homage paid, forgive the vagrant Muſe
If for her theme, ſome lighter dreſs ſhe chooſe;
And clothe in ſportive Fancy's wanton guiſe,
More trivial thoughts, from humbler hints that riſe.

When vulgar gentry gather to a crowd,
Some all-intent, ſome joſtling, and all loud,

You ſeek the cauſe, and wait for a reply;
—'Tis ten to one they anſwer—"*Aſk my Eye.*"
—You call this rude; but call it what you will;
Rude as it is, there's *meaning* in it ſtill.

CLODIUS ſhall prove it:—CLODIUS looks you through,
Yet ſeems to look at every thing but you:
Is he inſidious, mean, malignant, ſly?
What ſays the vulgar maxim?—Aſk his Eye.

When pert CORINNA darts from place to place,
Sinks with laborious eaſe, from grace to grace;
Or calls forth glance by glance, and charm by charm;
Does ſhe *deſign* our boſoms to alarm?—
Does ſhe conclude, that all who gaze, muſt die?—
Does pride inſpire her purpoſe?—Aſk her Eye.

When the great Scholar, ſlow, preciſe, and ſour,
Mere human clock-work, ſpeaks a word an hour;
Does his grave ſilence modeſty imply?
Or is it ſcorn's dumb language?—Aſk his Eye.

The Flatterer ſwears, he lives upon your ſmile,
Calls himſelf *yours*, and makes you *his* the while:
Say, would you know, if what he ſpeaks, he feëls?
—His Eye will tell you, what his heart conceals.

The Miſer's Heir bedecks the funeral ſhow,
With all the ſad formalities of woe:
Behind the corpſe himſelf a mourner creeps:—
But is it grief, or is it joy—that weeps?
Conſult his Eye;—and there it will appear,
What hopes, what pleaſures,—ſwim in every tear.

'Twere endleſs work to prove, that thro' mankind,
The ſpeaking Eye proclaims the ſecret mind:
Would you the bad detect, the good deſcry?
'Tis wiſe, 'tis virtuous toil:—examine,—try,—
Aſk where you will,—But never miſs the Eye.

DINNER.

THE clock ſtruck Four!—with ſolemn pace and ſlow,
A Bard, (Alas! that Bards ſhould ſuffer ſo!)
Hungry and hopeleſs, poor and penſive ſtray'd
Lingering, along the Mall's deſerted ſhade:
From Park the crowd to ſmoaking roofs repair;—
He feaſts in Freſco, who muſt feaſt on air.
Yet, tho' ſtern fate ſubſtantial food deny'd,
Ideal viands fancy's power ſupply'd;
On bak'd, roaſt, boil'd (while chance the changes rung)
The Poet mus'd:—and as he mus'd, he ſung.
" Waft, warmly-fragrant, ſweetly-ſavory gales,
" Waft the rich fumes, each kitchen round exhales!

" I ſmell, I ſmell the reeking odours riſe!
" I ſee,—but Oh! too ſoon the viſion flies!
" Why! why! ye tranſient forms, this barbarous
" haſte?
" Ah! ſtay! Ah! let me—let me—dream—I taſte!
" Say, Virgin Muſes! (Ye can well divine)
" Say who, this moment, on what dainties dine!
" Now at the Merchant's board, from luſcious
" ſtreams
" Of ſoup, the quivering fat of turtles ſteams;
" Dreſt by an art, no power of verſe can tell;
" Haſh'd, ſlaſh'd, ſlic'd, ſpic'd, carv'd, ſerv'd in it's
" own ſhell.
" Now beards wag all, where ſummon'd Counties
" meet,
" And rival Squires, for England's welfare—eat:
" While hams and chines inſpire th' elector's choice,
" And fix the freeman's right—to ſell his voice.
" The napkin now it's wonted ſtation fills,
" Beneath the ſleek Church-warden's roſy gills:

" His eye devours the turbot to the bone ;
" And ere he ſwallows, half the haunch is gone.
" Now from the war of words, in peace withdraw
" The coifed Counſel, learned in the law ;
" O'er ſocial chops they meet, beneath the roſe ;
" And club as friends, the fee that made them foes ;
" To Dinner, theſe with ardor take their way ;—
" Their clients—with what appetite they may.
" Now o'er a ſingle chicken, *tête à tête*,
" Two Sweethearts coo ; a turtle and his mate ;
" Love all their converſe, all their thought ſupplies,
" And ev'n the ſingle chick neglected lies :—
" Oh ! couldſt thou, Cupid, but tranſport *me* there,
" What love diſdains, might be the Poet's ſhare.
" See the tithe-pig the Parſon's table grace ;
" Nor grudge the tribute due, ye ruſtic race !
" Tho' thouſand tithe-pigs every day procures,
" The prieſt's good luck, is but the tenth of yours.
" Lo ! DOLLY's now the rich rump ſteak affords !
" Repaſt for Lords, and Miſtreſſes of Lords !

" Yes, every ſtreet, and every houſe can boaſt
" Some private manchet, or ſome public hoſt!
" Some public hoſt, or private manchet ſee,
" For every hungry mortal—but for me!"

So rhym'd the Bard, with many a ſigh between;
When lo! a Publiſher came croſs the Green!
They meet—they ſtrike the bargain—and they bind;—
The Pamphlet-monger paid, the Poet din'd,—
Sold, as to Satan Witches were of yore,
To vilify the arts he lov'd before;
With harpy ſcreamings merit to purſue;
And damn by wholeſale in the next Review.

WATER.

If right "Αριστον Υδωρ" Pindar ſings,
That ſimple Water is the beſt of things,—
Would Water-Poets were the beſt of Bards!
But oh! that chance is not upon the cards!
Vain were th' attempt ſuch logic to apply;
My verſe would give my arguments the lie:—
Yet what I can, I will:—Not he, whoſe lyre
Leads on th' Aonian mount the Siſter Choir,
(Tho' all th' inſpiring potions he explore
From water up to nectar,) can do more.
From earth's deep womb—for earth their ſtore ſupplies—
Thro' countleſs pores the moiſt effluvia riſe

Diſtinct below, where oozing ſtrata ſhed
Drop after drop; till from their humid bed
Th' emergent vapours ſteam; and as they go,
Condenſe, incorporate, extend, and flow.
—Thanks, kind Philoſophy! whoſe lore profound
Thus helps me bring my Water above ground!
—Henceforth to trace it little will ſuffice,
Obvious to common ſenſe, and common eyes.
If in the mental calm of joy ſerene,
I ſeek, thro' Fancy's aid, the ſylvan ſcene,
There Water meets me, by the pebbled ſide
Of ſedgy-fringed brooks, expanding wide
In dimpled eddies:—or with murmurs ſhrill
Running ſweet uniſons, where reſponſive ſtill
In cadence meet, impending aſpens hail
Heaven's mildeſt breath, ſoft quivering to the gale.
Too charming viſions of intenſe delight!
Why? whither vaniſh ye?—Her eagle flight
Fancy renews: and full athwart mine eye
Throws an enormous Cataract:—from on high

In awful ſtillneſs deepening waters glide
Ev'n to the rude rock's ridge abrupt—then ſlide
Ponderous, down, down, the void; and pitch below
In thunder.—Daſh'd to foam, awhile they know
No certain current;—'till again combin'd,
In boiling tides along the vales they wind.

O! bear me hence, where Water's force diſplays
More uſeful energy;—where claſſic praiſe
Adorns the names of chiefs long dead, who brought
Thro' channel'd rocks concentring ſtreams, and taught
One Aqueduct divided lands to lave,
And hoſtile realms to drink one common wave.

But ſoft—methinks ſome horrid ſounds I hear!
What throbbing paſſion ſpeaks?—'Tis fear: 'tis fear.
—Water, where yonder Spout to Heaven aſcends,
Rides in tremendous triumph;—Ocean bends;—
—And Ruin, raiſing high her baleful head,
Broods o'er the waſte, the burſting Maſs will ſpread.

Enough of wat'ry wonders:—all diſmay'd
Ev'n Fancy ſtarts, at forms herſelf hath made.

—Let them, whom terror can inſpire, purſue
Themes too terrific:—I with humble view
Retire unequal,—nor will e'er again
To Water's *greater* works devote my ſtrain;
Content to praiſe it, when with gentle ſway,
Profuſe of rich increaſe, it winds it's way
Thro' the parcn'd glebe; or fills with influence bland,
The cup of temperance, in the peaſant's hand.

FLOWERS.

I.

UNEQUAL to my theme, with deſperate feet
I ſought the Muſe's bower;
Anxious to ſee, tho' all-aſham'd to meet
Some bland, inſpiring Power:
When fleet along the riſing gale,
The Queen, fair FANCY paſt;
And thro' her rainbow-tinged veil
A glance benignant caſt:
Then beck'ning to a ſecret glade,
"Come, ſee," ſhe cry'd, "the train,
"Who own, beneath this myſtic ſhade,
"My viſionary reign!"

II.

Proud to obey the glad command,
I took with ſilent awe my ſtand:—
Meanwhile, in many a varying veſt
Of rich expreſſion aptly dreſt,
Ideal Myriads ſeem'd to rove
Promiſcuous, thro' the cultur'd grove:
And each, as inbred impulſe led,
From every flow'r-embroider'd bed
Some certain Plant, whoſe bloſſoms roſe
Significantly pleaſing, choſe.—

III.

With frank, firm look, and light tho' ſteady tread
Came COURAGE firſt, and crop'd a dew-charg'd ROSE;
For in the tender Roſe might beſt be read
His very eſſence—Bloom that gently glows

Impell'd by gentle breath; prone to diſpenſe
To all, all ſweetneſs; yet alert to ſhew,
If raſh invaſion ruder deeds commence,
That warm reſentment points a thorn below.

IV.

Retiring from the public eye,
The Maiden meek HUMILITY
Was ſeen to turn with mildeſt grace
To heav'n her thoughts, to earth her face;
And all unconſcious what fair fame
Merit like hers might well aſſume,
Prefer'd to every juſter claim
The lowly DAISY's ſimple bloom.

V.

Some bawble each moment arranging,
Admiring, exploding, or changing,

The coquette AFFECTATION ſkim'd wantonly by;
On her breaſt a NARCISSUS ſhe bore,
As if with Narciſſus of yore,
For a form like her own ſhe could languiſh and die.

VI.

Heedleſs of the ſcorner's joke,
Smiling at the ruffian's ſtroke,
Perſevering PATIENCE ſtood;
Conquering evil ſtill with good;
Binding for her brow the while
Artleſs wreaths of CAMOMILE;
Hardy plant, whoſe vigorous ſhoot
Springs beneath the trampler's foot.

VII.

Pure CONSTANT LOVE, (whoſe hallow'd fires
Time ſtill exalts, and truth inſpires,

In ſpite of abſence, grief, or pain,)
Approv'd the faithful MARIGOLD,
Whoſe leaves their ſaffron blaze unfold,
When firſt the ſun aſſerts his reign;
Hail his glad progreſs thro' the day,
Cloſe gradual with his parting ray,
Nor open, 'till he ſhines again.

VIII.

SUPERSTITION came telling her ſteps, and her beads;
Like Jack-in-a-buſh hung all over with green,
AGNUS-CASTUS by wholeſale ſhe cull'd from the meads,
And ſtuck with due care HOLY THISTLE between;
A chaplet of MONKS-HOOD ſhe pluck'd for her head,
And ROSEMARY ſprigs for the graves of the dead.

IX.

Tiptoe o'er the level plain
Ardent HOPE all panting flew,
Prompt her eager eye to ſtrain,
Far beyond the preſent view:
Quick from hint to hint to ſtray,
She the PRIMROSE held moſt dear;—
Firſt-born of returning May;
Promiſe of the future year.

X.

ILL-NATURE to a corner ſtole,
And taught her blood-ſhot eyes to roll,
As if ſhe long'd to blight
Each flower of happier ſcent and hue;
For none ſhe choſe of all that grew,
Save poiſonous ACONITE.

XI.

Hand in hand, for they never aſunder are ſeen,
All cheerful their features, all eaſy their mien,
CONTENTMENT and INNOCENCE tript it along:
By the ſoft virgin SNOWDROP was INNOCENCE known,
CONTENTMENT took HEARTS-EASE, and call'd it her own;
Nor envied the great, nor the gay in the throng.

XII.

The throng!—juſt hint to wild conceit like mine!—
Why, what a wreath had I begun to twine!
—Indulgent as ſhe was, methinks I hear
Ev'n Fancy's ſelf now whiſper in my ear,
" Quit, ere 'tis tedious; quit the flowery road,
" Nor what was meant a Noſegay, make a Load."

SHRUBS.

ONCE on this Earth of ours, for change of air,
JOVE and his WIFE, like any mortal pair,
Stroll'd thro' a wood:—my book records not where.

MADAM, who ſcarce would condeſcend to prove,
Below the ſky, more patient than above,
Bruſh'd as ſhe paſt, th' encumb'ring boughs aſide,
With many a pout, and many a piſh!—and cry'd;
" Shall cedars, JOVE, and pines alone provoke
" Thy triple ſhaft's inevitable ſtroke;
" While in my way theſe ſhrubs their branches thruſt?
" Is it thy ſcorn of them, or me, they truſt?
" For once, at leaſt, to my requeſt attend;
" And let thy bolts on this vile ſpot deſcend."

THE THUNDERER ſmil'd aſſent:—his arm was rear'd;
When lo! DIANA from the copſe appear'd:
Heard angry JUNO's plaint, and JOVE's beheſt;—
And thus with homage due the vengeful Powers addreſt:

" Ere yet that flaming terror quit thy hand,
" And ample ruin wing the fatal brand,
" Change, cloud-compelling KING, thy ſtern decree;
" Relenting JUNO ſhall approve my plea:—
" Not that to me (tho' noble were the claim)
" Theſe ſhelt'ring ſhrubs preſent perpetual game;
" But that they ſtand with happier gifts ſupply'd,
" To mental power, and ſocial ſkill ally'd."

She ſpoke, and wav'd her ſpear.—An airy throng
Roſe inſtant into form, and glanc'd along.

Firſt, from a *Laurel*'s ſhade, whoſe foliage bound
Her elevated brow, came GENIUS.—Round
She threw the penetrating eye, that ſtrays
Paſt all exiſtence; while a thouſand ways

She ſunders, joins, contracts, extends, at will,
ACTUAL and POSSIBLE; imparting ſtill
To thought-engender'd eſſence,—feature, place,
Dimenſion, operation, life, and grace.
With ſturdy ſtep, and arm of ſinewy length,
Came RURAL INDUSTRY: His cunning ſtrength
Stript, as they roſe in many a ſupple ſhoot,
The ſapling *Oſiers* from the knotted root:
Then wove for various uſe, with various care,
The good-wife's baſket for her market-ware;
The cudgel's hilt; the wicker net, that holds
The river's ſtraggling fry; the fence that guards the folds.
In yellow *Box*, MECHANIC SKILL diſplay'd
Infinite verſatility:—it made
The forceful ſkrew; it turn'd the pulley's wheel;
It bade the top in mazy circles reel;
It form'd the ſhuttle; and with happieſt thought
The needful comb for Beauty's treſſes wrought.
Cool SELF-DEFENCE, to prove her practice right,
Help up a *Bramble*'s prickly ſtem to fight;

That winds innoxious o'er it's native ground,
But gives, when moſt oppreſt, the deepeſt wound.
Fair DELICACY cropt the *Jaſmine* bower,
To crown connubial Love's endearing power;
Whoſe ſweetly placid brow might beſt aſſume
So ſoft a verdure, and ſo pure a bloom.
From every ſhrub the devious thicket knows,
The *Hazle*, prankful RECREATION choſe:
Plain hint, that ſport ſome object ſhould purſue;
And pleaſure frolic, with a nut—in view.
Meanwhile the frown relax'd on JUNO's face,
And mild complacence follow'd in it's place;
DIANA's ſkill the wrathful Queen appeas'd:—
And JOVE (right glad to ſee his conſort pleas'd)
Returning ſlept upon his golden bed,
Without a curtain-lecture in his head:—
Or, if a ſpice of HOMER's GREEK will cheer ye,
Ἔνθα κάθευδ' ἀναβάς· παρὰ δὲ, χρυσόθρονος Ἥρη *.

* Iliad. Lib. i. V. ult.—611.

THE BRAMBLE.

While Wits thro' Fiction's regions ramble,—
While Bards for fame or profit ſcramble;—
While PEGASUS can trot, or amble;—
Come what may come,—I'll ſing the BRAMBLE.

"How now!"—methinks I hear you ſay:—
"Why? What is Rhyme run mad to-day?"
—No, Sirs, mine's but a ſudden gambol;
My Muſe hung hamper'd in a Bramble.

But ſoft! no more of this wild ſtuff!
Once for a frolic is enough;—
So help us Rhyme, at future need,
As we in ſoberer ſtyle proceed.

All ſubjects of nice diſquiſition,
Admit two modes of definition:

For every thing two ſides has got,—
What *is* it ?—and what is it *not* ?
Both methods, for exactneſs ſake,
We with our Bramble mean to take :
And by your leave, will firſt diſcuſs
It's negative good parts,—as thus.—
A Bramble will not, like a Roſe,
To prick your fingers, tempt your noſe ;
Whene'er it wounds, the fault's your own,—
Let that, and that lets you, alone.
You ſhut your Myrtles for a time up ;
Your Jaſmine wants a wall to climb up ;
But Bramble, in its humbler ſtation,
Nor weather heeds, nor ſituation ;
No ſeaſon is too wet, or dry for't,
No ditch too low, no hedge too high for't.
Some praiſe, and that with reaſon too,
The Honeyſuckle's ſcent and hue ;
But ſudden ſtorms, or ſure decay,
Sweep, with it's bloom, it's charms away :

The ſturdy Bramble's coarſer flower
Maintains it's poſt, come blaſt, come ſhower;
And when time crops it, time ſubdues
No charms;—for it has none to loſe.
Spite of your ſkill, and care, and coſt,
Your nobler ſhrubs are often loſt;
But Brambles, where they once get footing,
From age to age continue ſhooting;
Aſk no attention, nor forecaſting;
Not ever-*green*; but ever-*laſting*.
Some ſhrubs inteſtine hatred cheriſh,
And plac'd too near each other, periſh;
Bramble indulges no ſuch whim;
All neighbours are alike to him;
No ſtump ſo ſcrubby, but he'll grace it;
No crab ſo ſour, but he'll embrace it.
Such, and ſo various negative merits,
The Bramble from it's birth inherits:—
Take we it's poſitive virtues next;
For ſo at firſt we ſplit our text.

The more Reſentment tugs and kicks,
The cloſer ſtill the Bramble ſticks;
Yet gently handled, quits it's hold;
Like heroes of true BRITISH mould:
Nothing ſo touchy, when they're teas'd,—
No touchineſs ſo ſoon appeas'd.

Full in your view, and next your hand,
The Bramble's homely berries ſtand:
Eat as you liſt,—none calls you glutton;
Forbear,—it matters not a button.
And is not, pray, this very quality
Th' eſſence of true Hoſpitality?
When frank ſimplicity and ſenſe
Make no parade, take no offence;
Such as it is, ſet forth their beſt,
And let the welcome—add the reſt.

The Bramble's ſhoot, tho' Fortune lay
Point-blank obſtructions in it's way,
For no obſtructions will give out;
Climbs up, creeps under, winds about;

Like valour, that can ſuffer, die,
Do any thing,—but yield, or fly.
While Brambles hints like theſe can ſtart,
Am I to blame to take their part?
No—let who will, affect to ſcorn 'em,
My Muſe ſhall glory to adorn 'em;
For as *Rhyme* did, in my preamble,
So *Reaſon* now cries, "BRAVO! BRAMBLE!"

THE BEETLE.

To all things, that are, or have been, or ſhall be,
Of whatever materials, or form or degree,
Belong (if Logicians have told us no ſtories,)
Ten—here's a nice word for you!—ten CATEGORIES:
And to ſhew you at once the great depth of my knowledge,
I'll tell you what names people give them at College;
One, SUBSTANCE; two, QUANTITY; QUALITY, three;
RELATION makes four; five—five?—let me ſee—
Five, ACTION; ſix, PASSION; ſeven, WHERE; and eight, WHEN:
Then nine, SITUATION; and HABIT, juſt ten:—
And this, I ſuppoſe, is the very firſt time,
That theſe ſame CATEGORIES, were ſtuck into rhyme.
Now if *all* things, to theſe have a title confeſt,
My BEETLE may plead it, as well as the reſt;

Nor would he his claim (for why ſhould he!)
withhold,
Tho' the ten were augmented to ten times tenfold.
Firſt then as to SUBSTANCE, he's body and bone,
In an hundred and fifty varieties known;
Yet all of one genus; and all of one kin;
And like other plain people, he lives in his ſkin.
He has QUANTITY too, tho' it differ in figure;
For in EUROPE 'tis leſs, in AMERICA, bigger:
But with bigger or leſs, I'll not trouble my head;
He's as large as he need be,—and that's enough ſaid.
As to QUALITY, he's a mere half-and-half-arian,
With one property here, and there a contrary one:
Now a reptile he creeps, now a volatile flies;
Now ſkulks from your ſight; now comes bounce in
your eyes;
He's drowſy by day; and if vigils he keep,
'Tis at night; when moſt animals elſe go to ſleep:
If ſenſes he has, they 're imperfect at moſt;
He is more than half blind; and he cannot ſmell poſt;

He's ſtupid, and muzzy, and dull as a board;
And he hums ſuch a baſe, as no ſnorer e'er ſnor'd.
Then a necklace of Beetles, ſo PLINY affirms,—
As I tell you my author, I ſpeak in bold terms—
Will charm away miſchief from children who bear it:—
Let who likes it, believe; who believes, let him wear it.

The extremes of his various RELATIONS are odd:
By EGYPTIANS of old he was held for a God;
But boys among us, in language uncivil,
Style him (ſaving your preſence) "Coach-horſe to the "Devil."

His ACTION and PASSION, one fact will declare;
For when he comes buzzing along in mid-air,
(With ſo headlong a flight, and with eye-ſight ſo dim)
If he hurts my hard head,—my hard head muſt hurt him.

As to PLACE, if in public he cannot be found,
You may meet him, half-ſmother'd with duſt under ground.

On the ſubject of TIME, three ſhort words will
ſuffice,—
In ſpring he comes forth; and in winter he dies;
But die when he will, we 've no reaſon to fear;
There 'll be Beetles enough to ſucceed him next year.

His whole SITUATION, as far as we ſee,
Is a ſort-of-a-kind of a riddle-me-ree.
He's an I by itſelf I, that ſtands rank'd with no peers:
As nobody loves him, ſo nobody fears;
And it ſeems his chief aim, tho' he fly, or he creep,
Juſt to ſleep out his life, and to live out his ſleep.

His HABIT (and pleaſe you) is ever coal-black;
And he carries two caſe-harden'd ſhells on his back,
Which cover his wings, and improve (we ſurmiſe)
The delectable muſic, he makes, when he flies.

And thus, in compliance with ſyſtem and rules,
My theme I've defin'd, in the mode of the Schools;
If that mode be abſurd, let the learned look to't:
For here ends my Logic, and ditty to boot.

NOON.

GENTLEMEN of the Seſſion round,
With reverence and reſpect profound,
I on the ſpot, before you, here,
Counſel for plaintiff NOON appear ;—
For why?—Said NOON in ſundry caſes,
Things, matters, premiſes, and places,
(As per Inſtructions in my brief)
Stands much aggriev'd ; and craves relief.
My client, Gentlemen, refers
To clouds of evidence ;—and avers
That MORN and AFTERNOON combining,
Plotting, contriving, and deſigning,
By covert guile, and overt act,
(Contra ſtatut' provis' et fact')

From his undoubted claim and right,
Have partly, and would ouſt him quite,
Cancel all proofs of his identity,
And make him a downright non-entity;
Scarce to be found by ſearch or trial,
Save on the ſurface of a dial:
For this he owns, and owns with pride,
Hurt as he is by all beſide,
Spite of ill-luck, ſpite of ill-will,
His friend the SUN—ſticks by him ſtill.
The ſpecial *damage* he ſuſtains,
Thus with ſubmiſſion NOON explains.
Time was (he warrants me to ſay)
When people roſe, becauſe 'twas Day;
Riſing ſo ſoon, they *dreſt* as ſoon;
And all the World was gay by Noon
Whoſe preſence two-fold luſtre threw;
Nature's meridian, and Day's too.
Think, then, how NOON held up his head!
—But oh! that golden age is fled!

Th' intruder MORN, too near allied
To luxury, indolence, and pride,
By ſuch encroachments has crept on,
That NOON is fairly paſt and gone,
And weſtward far, his journey takes,
Ere half the *modern* World awakes:
Whereby he mourns his honour loſt,
His joy abridg'd, his influence croſt;
And fears, among politer folk,
(Should faſhion carry on the joke)
His very name may ſoon be hiſt hence,
As much a *bore*, as his exiſtence.
So cloſe his neighbour MORNING ſhaves!
Now mark how AFTERNOON behaves!—
In palace, college, hall, of yore,
Bounce went at Noon the buttery door;
The mutton-bell the gueſts convok'd;
His roſy gills the chaplain ſtrok'd;
All ſtomachs, and all ſpirits up;
They ſlic'd, they laugh'd; they ſmack'd the cup;

Then with new glee, new toils begun;
And ſeem'd to live two days in one.
Now, appetite at four, at five,
At ſix, is ſcarcely ſcarce alive;
And AFTERNOON uſurps the place,
Which NOON once held with twice the grace.
Yet let not AFTERNOON preſume;—
Himſelf may meet an equal doom;
To modiſh whim, perforce may yield,
And quit, ere dinner-time, the field;
Tho' paſt the hour, when ſtretch'd for reſt,
Our fires were in their night-caps dreſt.
(This by the bye.)—Poor NOON meanwhile,
Scouted by taſte, and ton, and ſtyle,
Scarce ſees a dinner in a year,
Save where day-labourers club for beer;
Or gypſies ſtolen fuel ſtore,
To cook the meſs—they ſtole before.

Here NOON aforeſaid ends his charge;
And hopes he need not now enlarge

On merits held, agreed, and known,
Time immemorial, for his own.
—If haply in life's earlier day,
He gave you many an hour of play,
If e'er intenſer rays he ſhoot,
Ripening your grain, mellowing your fruit,
If oft, in winter's dire extreme,
He treats you with a caſual gleam;
And tho' oblique, and tho' oppreſt,
Faint as he ſhines, yet ſhines his beſt;
Hear and redreſs a caſe ſo hard!
—He'll not demur from your award;
But ſure of candor and ſupport,
Reſt on the JUDGMENT of the COURT.

THE EASY CHAIR.

ASTRONOMERS, I know not why,
At pleaſure parcel out the ſky;
As if the whole ethereal way
Were theirs for ever and for aye;
And all the ſtars the heavens unfold,
But the mere ſtock of their free-hold.

Beſide the lion, bull, and bear,
Some *ladies* in their favour ſhare;
And one, with ſpecial kindneſs treated,
Is in a blaze of radiance ſeated:
Conſult your globe, you'll find her there;
CASSIOPE, and eke her Chair!—
"Is it an Eaſy Chair?" you'll ſay;
We'll ſettle that ſome future day.

'Tis doubtleſs (to cut ſhort all pother)
The eaſieſt there——for there's no other.
—No other?—Then have I, 'tis clear,
No other buſineſs with the ſphere:
Quit, Muſe, the polar heights, and try
What Terra-firma will ſupply.

On moſt occaſions here below,
Two old opponents, Aye, and No,
Like man and wife in couples go:
Ev'n ſo the Eaſy-Chair diſplays
Some ground for ſatire, ſome for praiſe;
And tho' on neither ſide I'm fee'd,
On both ſides, with your leave, I'll plead.

Firſt then for ſatire!—Do you ſeek
For hallow'd Ignorance, groſs, and ſleek?—
Where drones, by name of Monks, repair,
To yawn out pſalms, and ſnore out pray'r,—
She mounts an Abbot's Eaſy-Chair.

See! where poor Indolence reclines!
Lolls, tumbles, ſtretches, ſprawls, and pines!

Life has no pain, like that ſhe feels:
A thouſand racks, a thouſand wheels,
In ſhape of Eaſy-Chairs, purſue
The wretch—who knows not what to do.

But let us turn the tables here;
And ſee what hints for praiſe appear.

Imprimis then, Diſeaſe will own
An Eaſy Chair excels a throne.

Give philoſophical Conceit
Free leave to take the Scorner's ſeat:
But Wiſdom will prefer, elſewhere,
Contentment, and an Eaſy Chair.

Ambition ſhakes the world ſometimes,
As upward to her wiſh ſhe climbs;
While every ſtep ſhe gains, declares
A Chair of State, a chair of cares:—
Let her, and welcome, take her choice;
Let me with ſimple mirth rejoice:
Mirth knows *no* care, except providing
An Eaſy Chair—to ſhake her ſide in.

The graveſt moraliſts, one and all,
Old age a ſecond childhood call;
For which this Eaſy Chair of mine,
A ſecond cradle, I define.—
—To lull us in that laſt retreat
Speak, gentle Peace, thy tidings ſweet!
Each pang may reſignation ſooth!
And Conſcience lay our pillow ſmooth!
While Hope, her eye to Heav'n addreſt,
Enwraps us in her friendly veſt,
And rocks us to Eternal Reſt!

IMAGINARY PERSONAGES.

THE PASSIONS once, in frolic paſtime gay,
Stole FANCY's Magic-Lantern for a day:
And each, in order, it's effect eſſay'd,
On ſome new Phantom, which herſelf portray'd.
Fierce ANGER firſt her haſty hand apply'd,
And ſketch'd an earth-born Giant's towering pride:
Vaſt was his ſtrength, and terrible his nod;
He ſpoke in thunder, and on ſtorms he rode;
He mow'd down armies, and he kick'd down thrones;
And infants call him ſtill, Raw-head-and-Bloody-
Bones.
VALOUR, of glorious hazard only proud,
Drew Dragons hiſſing from the burſting cloud;

Sorcerers, whoſe ſpells could wrathful warriors tame;
And wedge in rifted rocks the captive dame;
Till happier Hardihead th' inchantment broke;
And magic adamant diſſolv'd in ſmoke.

FEAR's trembling pencil group'd a Goblin crew,
Ghoſts clattering chains, around the church-yard yew;
Forms, without heads, that croſt the midnight ways;
Heads, without limbs, where ſaucer eye-balls blaze;
And Shapes groteſque, down eve's grey ſhade that ſlide,—
And buzzing, grinning, chattering, ſcreaming, glide.

To her ſucceeded HOPE, intent to trace
A friendly Wizard's comfortable face,—
The reverend Merlin of a former age,—
Unconquerably juſt, benignly ſage.
Low o'er his breaſt a milk-white beard was ſpread;—
Aw'd by his wand the Powers of Miſchief fled;
Till—every peril paſt—ſure triumph grac'd
The brave; and happy wedlock crown'd the chaſte.

A ſcene far different wild DESPAIR employ'd;
Furies, whoſe whips claſh thro' the darkſome void;
Demons with forks of fire, and breaths of flame,
That howl revenge, and chuckle at our ſhame,—
Mock guilty miſery's moſt alarming hour,—
And to the rage of malice, add the power.

MIRTH then diſplay'd a jocund troop to view;
Trim Fairies, friſking on the twilight dew;
Fantaſtic Will-a-wiſps thro' buſh and brier,
That lur'd the ſtaring clown, and ſous'd him in the mire;
And fire-proof Elves, that round the caldron ſquat,
And burn the houſewife's dumplin to the pot.

Then SUPERSTITION came, her Sprites to ſhew,
That make the maſtiff's yell, the note of woe;
At melancholy's window flap their wings,
In concert with the dirge the raven ſings;
O'er Nature's face a veil of omens ſpread,—
Perplex the living, and belie the dead.

ENVY's ſhrunk finger next th' occaſion caught;
And ſcratch'd the hideous image of her thought;

A ſcraggy Witch, on broom-ſtick hors'd for flight;
Equipp'd with all th' artillery of ſpite;
Mildews and blights, to blaſt the forward grain;
Philtres t' intoxicate the mad'ning brain;
Prayers mumbled backwards, diſcord to promote;
And crooked pins, to rend the ſufferer's throat.

Love ſtill remain'd—but lo! while ſhe prepares
Her little family of Joys and Cares,
Fancy herſelf ſurpris'd the wanton train,
Reclaim'd her Lantern,—and reſum'd her reign;
Seiz'd on the ſpot, the viſionary ſcroll,
And then to Genius gave the motley whole.

Genius, ſublime with taſte, correct with eaſe,
Alternate ſoften'd thoſe, and heighten'd theſe;
From features rude, and parts of monſtrous ſize,
Bade myſtic ſenſe, and moral beauty riſe;
Engag'd Tradition on the ſide of Truth;
And made the Tale of Age—the Oracle of Youth.

THE BOOK.

WHEN from our Maſter's hand this theme I took,
Rhyme, *nolens volens*, coupled it with—Cook:
And tho' the wiſe ſay, ſecond thoughts are beſt,
My firſt, with your good leave, ſhall ſtand the teſt;
The Cook ſhall matter for the Book prepare,
And turn my Catalogue to a Bill of Fare:
Nor frown, if puns, more thick than proofs, are laid;
So *our* poetic Force-meat *muſt* be made.
The Folio Volume's ample bulk ſupplies
A literary Diſh, of larger ſize.
—In EPIC Verſe, when ſkill and genius meet;
'Tis vaſt *Sir-loin*, an univerſal treat.

Solid, tho' ſavory, flows th' HISTORIC Strain;
Like the *boil'd Buttock*—cut and come again.
ENCYCLOPEDIAS—art's whole ſcope include;
And ſet before you ſcience *barbicued*;—
Where, as your ſtomach ſerves, your meſs you meaſure,
And chooſe your *Joint*, and cut your *ſlice* at pleaſure.
FATHERS and CANONISTS are tough, dry food;
Mere learned *Stock-fiſh*, neither bad nor good.
LAW CODES from time a *muſty* ſanction get;
As *Veniſon* takes it's flavour from *fumette*.
Words under words, in rows ſucceeding rows,
The DICTIONARY's column'd leaf compoſe;
And, ſtand in culinary ſtyle expreſt,
Like *Bacon* on a *larded Turkey*'s breaſt.
Long-winded SCHOLIASTS, in th' enormous page,
Haſh up the dulneſs of a former age;
Or the vaſt vaſe with *Water-ſouchy* fill,
And make inſipid, more inſipid ſtill:

While CRITICS, that in ſounder ſenſe excel,
Like *Smelts* round *Salmon*—grace the diſh they ſwell.
So much for Folios—Smaller Books appear,
Tho' leſs ſubſtantial, yet more various cheer.
—ABRIDGMENTS give an Author's works in brief;
As Cooks to *Jelly* ſtew down ſhins of beef.
The cloth for *Turtle*, hack TRANSLATORS ſpread;
Then ſerve up *Gooſe's Gibblets*, or *Calve's Head*.
REVIEWS and MAGAZINES odd ſcraps retail;
True *Salmagundi* ſtuff, *ſour*, *ſalt*, *freſh*, *ſtale*.
SATIRE is *pepper'd Gizzard grill'd* in taſte.
And what are MODERN ESSAYS, but *puff-paſte?*
COMEDY'S *Soup-maigre*, from a *French Tureen:*
And TRAGEDY, the *BLACK pudding* of the ſcene.
What's MODISH ELOQUENCE?—*Whipt-cream*, for ſooth,
Froth'd up and *ſugar'd*, to the vulgar tooth.
STATE LOGIC'S *Chicken-Broth*, ſo thin, ſo weak!
And OPPOSITION POLITICS—*Bubble-and-ſqueak!*

LOVE—POETRY'S *Pap-ſauce*, ſoft, ſimple, ſweet:
And POPULAR THEOLOGY, *minc'd-meat*.
SCRIBBLERS, from hand to mouth, who write and live,
In weekly NUMBERS, mental *Spoon-meat* give.
Alamode Collops—MISCELLANIES club:
And NOVELS—ſentimental *Syllabub*.

Not *Books* alone from Viands take their cue,
Even *Bindings* have a ſpice of Cookery too.
SHEETS into *Skin*, like *Sauſages* are thruſt:
GILDING is *Garniſh*; PASTEBOARD is *rais'd cruſt*.

Some frivolous gentry of the preſent day,
In *Alphabetic Buckles* ſhine away:
But language needs not faſhion's flimſy aid;
It's elemental baſe is deeper laid
Your children living, and your grandſires dead,
Lov'd, while they thumb'd, and *taſted* as they *read*—
The HORN-BOOK's beſt edition—*Gingerbread*.

Thus Books are intellectual Aliment; dreſt
For every appetite of every gueſt:—
Or, if a various reading you can ſwallow,
" *Scripta* * Palati nunc, *quæcunque recepit* APOLLO."

* Scripta, PALATINUS quæcunque recepit APOLLO.
HORAT. Ep. 3. L. 1.

THE FAMILY FIRE-SIDE.

"Home's Home, however homely," Wiſdom ſays—
And certain is the fact, tho' coarſe the phraſe.—
To prove it, if it need a proof at all,
Mark what a train attends the Muſe's call;
And as ſhe leads th' ideal group along,
Let your own feelings realize the ſong.

Clear then the ſtage!—No ſcenery we require,
Save the ſnug circle, round her Parlour Fire:—
And enter, marſhall'd in proceſſion fair,
Each happier Influence, that predominates *there*.

Firſt Love, by friendſhip mellow'd into bliſs,
Lights the glad glow, and ſanctifies the kiſs,
When fondly welcom'd to the accuſtom'd ſeat,
In ſweet complacence Wife and Huſband meet;

Look mutual pleaſure, mutual purpoſe ſhare,
Repoſe from labours, but unite in care.
AMBITION—does Ambition there reſide?
Yes!—when the Boy, in manly mood, aſtride,
Of headſtrong proweſs innocently vain,
Canters, the jockey of his Father's cane.
—While EMULATION, in the Daughter's heart,
Bears a more mild, tho' not leſs powerful part;
With zeal to ſhine her fluttering boſom warms;
And in the romp, the future houſe-wife forms.
Or both, perchance, to graver ſport incline,
And ART and GENIUS in their paſtime join;
This the cramp riddle's puzzling knot invents;
That rears aloft the card-built tenements.
Think how JOY animates, intenſe, tho' meek,
The fading roſes on their Grandame's cheek;
When proud the frolic progeny to ſurvey,
She feels, and owns, an intereſt in their play;
Adopts each wiſh, their wayward whims unfold;
And tells, at every call, the ſtory ten-times told.

Good-humour'd DIGNITY endears, meanwhile,
The narrative Grandfire's venerable ſtyle,
If, haply, feats atchiev'd in prime of youth,
Or priſtine anecdote, or hiſtoric truth,
Or maxim ſhrewd, or admonition bland,
Affectionate attention's ear command.

To ſuch Society, ſo form'd, ſo bleſt,
TIME, THOUGHT, REMEMBRANCE, all impart a zeſt:
And EXPECTATION, day by day, more bright,
Round every proſpect throws increaſing light:
The ſimpleſt comforts act with ſtrongeſt force;
Whate'er can give them, can improve, of courſe.

All this is *Common-Place*, you'll tell me—true!
What pity 'tis not COMMON FASHION too!—
Roam as we will, plain ſenſe, at laſt, will find,
'Tis only ſeeking—*what we left behind.*
—If *Individual Good* engage our hope,
DOMESTIC VIRTUES give the largeſt ſcope;
If plans of *Public Eminence* we trace,
DOMESTIC VIRTUES are it's ſureſt baſe.—

Would great example make theſe truths more clear?
The greateſt of examples ſhall appear.
—Is there a MAN, whom general ſuffrage owns
An Honor to the Majeſty of Thrones?
—Is there a Man, whom general Love's acclaim
Greets with each nobleſt, and each deareſt name?—
HE, midſt the Glare of State, and Pomp of Power,
Courts the ſoft ſympathies of the Family Hour;
Not leſs illuſtrious at his own Fire-ſide,
By private Merit's Sterling ſtandard try'd,
Than, when the cares from Royal Worth that ſpring,
Call forth the PEOPLE'S FATHER, and the KING.

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING.

COME, FANCY! come! and bring with thee
The cottage Nymph SIMPLICITY!
And as thou try'ſt thy pencil bold,
Let her, Decorum's compaſs hold!
While in one piece correctly ſweet,
Expreſſion and propriety meet.

But what one piece, ye friendly Pair,
Your union's joint effect ſhall ſhare?
For me, if ye vouchſafe your ſkill,
The canvas let a Landſcape fill.

Let Nature in the foremoſt ground
Diſperſe her varied ſcenery round:
Rear, gently bending to the breeze,
In caſual group her loftier trees;

Whoſe croſſing trunks bedim the glade,
Spontaneous arch of needful ſhade;
While from their outward foliage, gleam
The fleet tints of day's paſſing beam.
Let next in order due ſucceed
The mingled hues of vale and mead;
The road in devious windings wrought;
Now loſt, and now at diſtance caught;
Whoſe broken track directs us ſtill
To ſome briſk ſtreamlet's glaſſy rill;
Whence leſſening in progreſſive guiſe,
Long levels ſtretch, abrupt rocks riſe;
'Till Light's laſt line the view complete;
And woods, ſkies, plains, and mountains meet.
Let, full to ſight, a thatch-clad dome
Give humble Honeſty an home;
At whoſe low door, with houſe-wife zeal,
Unconſcious beauty twirls her wheel;
Whoſe chimney, peeping o'er the roof,
Speaks economic welcome's proof;

While unſuſpecting innocence
Finds in each buſh a native fence.
Let Plenty, not for ſhew but uſe,
Her numerous family introduce;
Her larger kine on ſlope, or dale,
That drag the plow, or fill the pail;
Her flocks, from off whoſe fleecy ſide
Comes Engliſh traffic's ſtaple pride;
And, all of feather'd finery vain,
Her barn-door plump domeſtic train.
Let Labour frank, of patient glee,
Drive the ſtout team along the lea;
With Hope ſtill ſcattering in his rear
The ſeedling earneſt of the year;
Or tinging, gradual, as they grow,
The laviſh ſtores of Autumn's glow.
Let, o'er the hoſpitable jug,
In mutual relaxation ſnug,
On ſome rude beam's extempore ſeat,
The fathers of the village meet;

Diſcuſſing, amicably warm,
The politics of the field and farm.
Nor be the diſtant church forgot,
Whoſe ruſtic ſpire o'er-looks the ſpot:
Prompting idea to ſuppoſe
What feſtive ſanctity it ſhows,
When unaffected piety pays
The tribute of appropriate praiſe:
Or, at the antique altar's ſide,
A faithful youth, and artleſs bride,
Their ſpouſal troth alternate plight,
And ſeal love's vows with wedlock's rite.
Here, FANCY, lay the pencil by:—
—And thou, whoe'er thou art, whoſe eye
O'er pictur'd life delighted ſtrays;
If aught thou hop'ſt in future days
To realize a ſcene like this,
—Make previous Virtue earn the bliſs.

IRONY.

"BOTTLED ale" (if a popular phraſe I may quote)
"Will ſmile in your face, while 'tis cutting your
"throat."—
And Irony's trim, I preſume, you'll agree,
Is as like bottled ale, as a pea's like a pea.
For it means you moſt harm, when it ſpeaks you moſt
kind;
All affection before, and all miſchief behind.
When you uſe a blunt razor, 'tis twenty to one,
That you ſcarce touch your chin, till you ſee the blood
run:
But a razor, that's keen, plays ſo ſmoothly it's part,
You perceive not the cut, 'till convinc'd by the ſmart;
And in matters of ſpeech, as the learned alledge,
So keen, and ſo ſmooth, ſhould be Irony's edge.

When a painter, with judgment his colours has laid,
Shade heightens the light, and light deepens the
shade:
And as contraſts in picture, ſo contraſts in wit,
Will mutual advantage impart, and admit;
Thus in Irony's caſe, with reciprocal power,
Sour makes ſweetneſs more ſweet, ſweet makes four-
neſs more four.

Your ſtrolling cake-merchant will oftentimes put
In his baſket a viand, yclep'd a game-nut;
Which ſeeming to promiſe a gingerbread treat,
By it's tempting appearance invites you to eat;
But the moment your teeth touch the treacherous
frame,
Sets, with pepper's ſtrong cauſtic, your mouth in a
flame:
Such a game-nut in language is Irony's ſmile,
It's inſinuating air, and it's ſoft ſoothing ſtyle;
While it's real effect, when the whole you diſcern,
Is like pepper to bite, like a cauſtic to burn.

In the marſhes and moor-lands, the ſportſmen employ
A renegade duck, which they call a decoy;
Who in tone ſo alluring repeats his "quack, quack,"
That his brethren flock round him, duck over duck's back;
Nor perceive, 'till too far for retreating they get,
That they 're thruſting their heads within ſweep of a net:
So like to this treaſon is Irony's tale,
You can hardly ſay which has the turn of the ſcale;
Both the very ſame game on credulity play;
Both are artful to pleaſe; and both pleaſe, to betray!

A bear, when an hive, in his rambles, he meets,
Sticks, without fear or wit, his rude noſe in the ſweets;
But finds bees can be angry, as bears can be ſtout;
And ſneaks off, with an hundred ſharp ſtings in his ſnout:—
Remembcr this bear; and when Irony brings
Her honied addreſs, be aware of her ſtings.

But perhaps all this while 'twill be laid to my charge,
That on Irony's worſt part alone, I enlarge:
'Twill be ſaid, that on truth's ſide it often has ſtood,
And by contraſted falſehood, made virtue's cauſe good;
That a fiction may ſtrike, where no proof would ſucceed;—
—I acknowledge the fact;—but lament for the need:
For ſure, Irony's aid might be laid on the ſhelf,
Could Truth always be heard, when it ſpeaks for itſelf.

THE VOCATIVE CASE.

AMONG *theſe Caſes*—and the brags of each,
Mine claims no kin, but to one Part of Spcech;
And e'en that *one* implies no grand connection,
The leaſt of all the Eight—the Interjection.
Nay, to let down its conſequence ſtill more low,
The leaſt of Words,—the leaſt of Syllables—O!
—However my proud neighbours may aſpire,
The Vocative Caſe can only ſuit a Crier!—
Well! I ſubmit—and ſince 'tis come to this,
A Crier I will be:—O! Yes!—O! Yes!
The Men and Manners of our modern day,
Will give my little O! abundant play.

To you, ye great, then,—and to you, ye ſmall,
In *vocative* conſtruction, thus I call!
O! Yes! Ye offſpring of illuſtrious ſires!
Whoſe lives *ſhould* ſanction, what your birth requires,
At higher eſtimates lineal honours ſet;
Nor ſacrifice nobility—to a bet!
O! Yes! Ye dames, whom courtly ſplendours grace,
Conſorts and dowagers of each titled race,
Thro' pleaſure's reſtleſs circles while ye roam,
Think, now and then, of Duty—Nature—Home!
O! Yes! Ye politicians, who declare
The fate of nations, from an eaſy chair,
On ſocial ſervice, your addreſs employ!
And join to earn the bleſſings you enjoy!
O! Yes! Ye muſhrooms of Philoſophy's ſchool,
Who torture right by metaphyſic rule,
Move not the baſe, where truth ſo long has ſtood;
But let plain ſenſe, lead plain men, to plain good!

O! Yes! Ye painful triflers, who explore
On a moth's wing, a ſpot unſeen before,
Transfer your toils, your own diſtinctions ſcan;
And ſtudy manhood's worthieſt object—Man!

O! Yes! Ye manufacturers of deſpair,
Who like curſt curs, growl o'er the meſs ye ſhare,
Look round, where millions want, what you have had!
—The juſt are grateful—Be the grateful glad!

O! Yes! Ye fair, down faſhion's ſtream who ſwim,
Ye hoyden bouncers! and ye prudes ſo prim!
Shine as ye may, with artleſs charms content;
Seem—what ye are; and *be*—what Nature meant!

O! Yes! Ye pigeons, who on luck rely,
Chances of cards, deciſions of a die,
Think ruin lurks beneath each frantic ſtake!
—Amidſt life's lot of miſeries, your's ye *make!*

O! Yes! Ye ſubjects in a land like ours,
Enlarge your ſentiments; but unite your powers!

Freedom with virtue, zeal with ſenſe ally'd,
No force can conquer—let no arts divide!

O! Yes! All ye, whoe'er ye are, that pleaſe
To take the Crier's word, on points like theſe,
Be ſure, experience will reward impart;
And Wiſdom find it's echo—in your Heart.

THE DAY-FLY.

To gueſs what *actual* properties, feelings, pow'rs,
Fill animal life, where *life* but fills five hours,
Were toil, if not as impious, quite as vain,
As modern mad philoſophers ſuſtain;
Who reaſon's light, with raſh aſſumptions ſhade,
And hide their God—behind the works he made.

But why deſpair?—Altho' th' Ephemeral Fly
So ſcanty ſcope for poſitive hints ſupply,
Tho' what it *is*, deſcription ſcarce can ſay,
Still what it *ſeems*, may prompt the abundant lay.

It ſeems then, palpably, where'er 'tis trac'd,
An individual, among millions plac'd;

A member in a free community free;
Born to no rights, except the right to be;
Yet in the ſpace thro' which 'tis doom'd to go,
Still on the wing, and ſtill alertly ſo;
Unharm'd and harmleſs, in inceſſant play;
By none impeded, and in no one's way!—
Say, politicians, where on earth beſide,
Does independence, ſo complete, abide?

The Day-Fly's brief exiſtence we ſuppoſe,
With evening to commence, with night to cloſe;
Form'd as it is, no rough aſſault to bear,
No ſun's exceſs, no turbulence of air;
Proof of the Omnipotent Goodneſs, which aſſign'd
The calmeſt period to the weakeſt kind!
See this! ye fools! at nature's laws who rail,
And weigh out Deity, in preſumption's ſcale!
See this! and conſcious of a truth ſo clear,
Say, is not moral fitneſs perfect here?

Short as the Day-Fly's vital range may ſeem,
'Tis, while it laſts, enjoyment in th' extreme!

Life, without peril, pain, or care, ſuſtain'd;
Strength undiminiſh'd; frolic unreſtrain'd!
Could we, proud Men, from our own length of years,
Expunge our wants, our ſorrows, and our fears;
Folly's diſguſtful, ſloth's inſipid, hour;
All memory's bitter, all ill-humour's ſour;
Whoe'er the real reſidue ſhould ſtate,
Would find that reſidue, a mere Day-Fly's date.
Such is humanity's regular routine.—
If madneſs more eccentric fill the ſcene;
If Guilt howe'er ſucceſsful, gnaw the heart;
If Conſcience at her own ſuggeſtions ſtart;
If coward Jealouſy's ever-reſtleſs eyes,
Anticipate torture, while they watch ſurmiſe;
Who, but muſt chooſe, if wiſdom's voice he hear,
A Day-Fly's hour, before a villain's year?
Wherein, you'll ſay, wherein, if this be true,
Does Man the pettieſt animal outdo?

Or rather, meaſuring life by pleaſure's ſpan,
Is not the pettieſt animal more than Man?
—No—truſt me, No,—For him things future wait—
There is the being, which decides *his* fate!
'Tis his, if due attention he employ,
To make the preſent, innocence—if not joy:
Sure for that innocence, deathleſs bliſs to ſhare!—
Fly of a day—but Immortality's Heir!

GRACEFUL ADDRESS.

When firſt o'er Eden's bliſsful ſhade
Mankind's forefather, guiltleſs, ſtray'd,
His eye ſublime, his tranquil face,
His noble port, his lordly pace,
Tho' ſeparate ſymmetry they diſclos'd,
One total majeſty compos'd;—
Where, true to joy's complacent tone,
His mind in every movement ſhone.

Such once was man!—with innocence bleſt!
Comelieſt of beings—becauſe beſt!
Till from th' Almighty Preſence chas'd,
Exil'd, abaſh'd, diſmay'd, debas'd,

He fell—beneath his deadlieſt foe;
Victim of wrath; and heir of woe!
From that ſad period, forms conſtrain'd,
Contracted ſentiments, feelings feign'd,
On mere capricious arts depend;
Diſtorting, what they ſeek to mend.
Pride firſt, aſſum'd a ſtatelier air,
It's ſtep, a ſtride;—it's look, a ſtare;
It's ſmile, a favour;—from it's hand
A ſignal, fate;—it's nod, command.
While Grace transferr'd to grandeur's ſphere,
Grew pompous, diſtant, ſtern, ſevere.
Next affectation's reign appear'd;
On more extenſive baſis rear'd:
Savage and ſimple, great and ſmall,
Her ample range included all.
The ſmirk, the toſs, the ſhrug, the ſtalk,
Part ſlide, part ſwim, part dance, part walk;
The limp, the liſp, the pert, the prim;
Faſhions for laws, for axioms, whim;

Each their ſucceſſive changes rung;—
While fair and homely, old and young,
Courtier and ruſtic, flirt and beau,
The high-bred, and of courſe, the low,
Caught ſome variety of grimace:
Conceit was ton; and ton was Grace!

'Twere well, if Affectation's power
Were only ſeen, in Folly's hour:
But Fraud, alas! too often tries
Fictitious Grace's ſly diſguiſe;
So delicate, ſo well-inclin'd,
So plauſible, ſo polite, ſo kind,
So ſoft, ſo ſmooth, ſo friendly too,
So good, ſo—every-thing—but true!

Methinks, you'll tell me, here I ſeem,
Entirely to reverſe my theme;
And paint inſtead of real Grace,
Mere Mimicry, that uſurps it's place.
—I own the fact, but meant to draw
It's contraſt, with the more eclat.—

Grace is not Fraud, Conceit, or Pride.—
What is it then?—Who ſhall decide?
Candour, perhaps, will not repine
T' accept th' attempt, from verſe like mine.

Grace, whoſe addreſs the wiſe applaud,
Diſclaims all pride, conceit, or fraud.—
'Tis elegance, which pervades the whole,
When look, voice, attitude, ſpeak the ſoul:—
'Tis that propriety, which reveals
In nature's mode, what nature feels:—
'Tis ſenſe, eſtrang'd from cold neglect,
From coarſe exceſs, from rude defect:—
'Tis that decorum, thro' whoſe eaſe,
Truth can at once convince, and pleaſe:—
'Tis eloquent rectitude of intent,
Which makes ſimplicity, ornament:—
'Tis frankneſs, whoſe more cheerful vein,
Nor prompts a bluſh, nor gives a pain:—
'Tis that civility, which affirms
Humanity's wiſh, in charity's terms:—

'Tis that attraction, which can throw
Sincerity's charms o'er virtue's glow:—
'Tis meek ſuperiority, bright,
Without obſcuring humbler light:—
'Tis ſympathy, whoſe benignant phraſe
Can comfort, where it cannot praiſe:—
'Tis dignity, fix'd on honour's poſt,
Which neither gives, nor heeds a boaſt:—
'Tis wiſdom, zealous, tho' ſerene,
Gently impreſſive, kindly keen:—
'Tis body, mind, deportment, ſtyle,
Free from embarraſſment, as from guile:—
'Tis that, at leaſt—in ſome degree,—
Which Man, firſt form'd, was form'd to be!

THE ENGLISH CHARACTER.

When Horace named the Natives of our Iſle,
[1] "Savage to ſtrangers," was th' invidious ſtyle:
'Twas Virgil's pleaſure Britain's ſons to call,
[2] "Men ſever'd from the world"—and that was all.
Martial indeed a little farther goes,
And grants our ſires ſome genius could diſcloſe;
For Rome, he tells us in right pompous tone,
From [3] "barbarous Britiſh baſkets, form'd her own."

1 Britannos hoſpitibus feros. Hor. Lib. iii. Od. 4. Lin. 33.

2 Et penitus toto diviſos orbe Britannos. Virg. Ecl. 1. Lin. 67.

3 Barbara de pictis veni baſcauda Britannis,
Sed me jam mavult dicere Roma ſuam.
Martial. Lib. 14. Ep. 97.

This in old writ, and only this we learn;
In vain of courſe to ſuch records we turn:
In vain we ſeek for claſſical eclat;—
ENGLAND's own portrait, Engliſh facts muſt draw.
So be it then.—And if you can endure,
So bold an effort of an hand ſo poor,
Accept this humble ſketch from my rude ſkill,
Whoſe faithful outline, truth at leaſt ſhall fill.

Among the ſplendid boaſts of national fame,
Stands with proud eminence martial glory's claim;
And ENGLAND's foes in many a conflict croſt,
Have tried her native valour to their coſt;
Have felt how ſure, yet how humanely ſlow,
Her vengeance,—how deciſive is her blow;
Vigorous to enforce the ſword, ſhe loves to ſheath;
And twining victory's palm, with mercy's wreath!

Provoke an Engliſhman! how warm he glows!
—No longer fierce, when you no more oppoſe:—
Frank to announce th' emotions of his mind!
Stern to the ſtubborn! to the ſuppliant kind!

Impetuous to inſiſt on right and fit!
Keen to urge proofs, ingenuous to admit!
With ſtill an arm, encroachment to withſtand!
With ſtill an heart, for every friendly hand!

Preſs'd by misfortune's tempeſts, gathering round,
An Engliſh ſufferer's patience ſtands its ground:
Each freſh attack, ſome ſtrong reſolve renews:
Aſſault may cruſh it, but no force ſubdues.

Whatever boon an Engliſhman beſtows,
From mere good-will, the prompt beneficence flows:
Free from all grudge, unwarpt by all controul,
His welcome—ſpeaks the welcome of the ſoul!

Too oft, alas! in this our clime is ſeen,
Th' Hypochondriac, brooding o'er his ſpleen;
Yet ev'n that ſpleen can ſympathy's call abide;
Loſt to himſelf,—he feels for all beſide:—
Shew him ſome harder taſk, ſome manlier aim,
Some feaſible benefit, ſome ſublimer claim,
His powers freſh impulſe from deſpair will take,
And all the Engliſhman within—awake.

Some call us contradictions; fire and phlegm;
Eager to gain, what gain'd we ſoon contemn:
If weakneſs here, ſarcaſtic cenſure finds,
'Tis ſure, the weakneſs of the nobleſt minds;
And only proves us to impartial eyes,
More anxious for the cauſe, than for the prize.

Satiriſts, ſometimes, in Engliſh manners, ſneer
Addreſs too blunt, and ſentiments too ſevere;
The ſanguine fervor, rapid feelings vouch,
Which ſcorning to deceive, diſdains to crouch.
—We own the charge:—we are indeed a race,
Rough of approach, and awkward at grimace;
But trial (if you try us) will declare,
What obvious, kindred virtues centre there;—
Exalted ſenſe of honour! all the pride
Of conſcious truth, to liberal thought ally'd!
Sincerity's purpoſe! honeſt candour's truſt!
Whate'er inſpires, becomes, or binds the juſt!

So ſtands amidſt the waves, our country's ſhore;
And frowns contempt on Ocean's angry roar.

A front abrupt, her rocky cliffs preſent;
As if for rude reſiſtance only meant;
But all within th' encircling ſteep barrier,
Luxuriant vales, and oak-crown'd hills appear;
A ſoil, where plenty's beſt varieties reign,
A kingdom, worthy real freedom's train:—
While Nature ſeems to adopt the favourite coaſt,
The Land her garden, and the Men her boaſt.

THE ENGLISH SAILOR.

WHAT cheer? what cheer? Sirs! fore and aft!
Aloft! i' th' gangways! and abaft!
For this your care to overhaul
Our trim,—we thank you, one and all.
The fortunes of an Engliſh Tar
Various, as hap and hazard are;
Yet no varieties ever damp
His ſpirits, or his humour cramp:
Whatever was his former lot,
Put him on board, 'tis all forgot:
He there diſplays, in every part,
A thoughtleſs, guileleſs, dauntleſs, heart:

He's there all hero!—But, avaſt!
Methinks I ſhoot ahead too faſt.
In fight, ſtick ever by the ſtuff!—
But among friends, ſteer clear of puff!
" Put him on board," I ſaid—why true;—
For that's his proper point of view.
Suppoſe yourſelves then in a Ship,
And me your captain for this trip;—
A Ship well-mann'd, well-rigg'd, well-found;—
Her bottom clean; her timbers ſound!—
Tight, tough tarpaulins, all her crew!
—Mayhap, you 'd like to ſee a few.—
Suppoſe yourſelves, this moment hearing
My orders for the gang's appearing;—
—" *Below there!—Jackets! trowſers! checks!*
—" *Turn out, all hands! and man the decks!*"
So pleaſe you, let us take the group,
Rang'd as they ſtand, from prow to poop.
The boatſwain firſt.—He, you muſt know,
Had once a vixen wife in tow:

But death, with a ſide-wind, d' ye ſee,
Drove her adrift; and ſet him free.
She left, however, an embargo
Of debts, ſo heavy on his cargo,
It made him from his moorings ſteer,
To weather ſtorms, leſs boiſterous, here.
Alongſide him, the mate you 'll mark;
A merchant's maccaroni clerk:
Crank, gunnel to, before the gale
He ſped; and crowded all his ſail;
'Till at an un-paid taylor's call,
The lawyers conjur'd up a ſquall:
—Had then thoſe ſharks, the bailiffs, met him,
Keel-upwards they had ſurely ſet him:
But fate procur'd him, in the fuſs,
Safe ſea-room, and a birth with us.
A look, pray, for a moment caſt
On yon long lubber, next the maſt!
He conn'd your learned lingo pat,—
Your Hebrew-latin,—and all that:

But when, unſkill'd to ſtem the tide,
The hurricane of life he try'd,
And beat up, right in the wind's eye,
(No log-book of experience nigh,)
He loſt his helm, his main-ſail tore,
And run his veſſel bump aſhore;
Then hove out ſignals of diſtreſs,
Glad to make one in any meſs.

Steady!—I 'm veering out, I find,
More knots an hour than I deſign'd:
Wherefore, 'tis time to fall aback;
And haul up on a cloſer tack:—
While all the reſidue, firſt and laſt,
However ſtation'd, meſs'd, or claſs'd,
The buſy, buzzing, buſtling crowds,
Of midſhip, fore-caſtle, and ſhrouds,
Who cables coil, who tacklings ſling,
Who reef, who ſplice, who climb, who ſwing;
All who command, and eke who ſwab in
Hold, gallery, quarter-deck, or cabin,

Starboard and larboard, more or leſs,
In one round-robin I compreſs;
Each frank and free, by each to ſtand;
Each prompt, with each to bear a hand;
Each prone, ſtaunch proweſs to exert,
Stem, ſtays, and ſtern, alive, alert;
Each patient, watch and ward to take;
Each faithful, one reſerve to make:—
"Reſerve?"—you 'll ſay!—"pray what reſerve?"
—Ev'n that,—from which they never ſwerve:—
For tho' they ſcorn to hoard and heap,
The votive grog they ſacred keep,
To toaſt, when every week's-work ends,
King, Country, Sweethearts, Families, Friends!
While thus their generous maxims run,
To *give* to ALL—but *yield* to NONE!
Defended by ſuch Sons, as theſe,
No wonder BRITAIN awes the Seas:—
Danger, that makes the milk-ſop droop,
But ſets their courage cock-a-hoop;

Sinews their arms; expands their breasts:—
Then! for "*Up hammocks and down chests!*"
Then! for the Naval Empire's claim!
Then! for old ENGLAND's Flag, and Fame!
Then! when her angry Thunders burst,
Perhaps—*another* JUNE THE FIRST!

MINOR POETRY.

MUCH of PARNASSUS, and it's heights ſublime,
We read in antient writ, and modern rhyme:—
Heights, which, tho' millions in th' attempt engage,
Scarce one can reach; and hardly once an age.
Tho' all in eager multitudes contend,
Rivals for ſummits, which ſo few aſcend,
Full many a ſtation of the ſacred ſpot,
Might amply fit leſs proud ambition's lot:
For numerous tracts of varied landſcape fill
Th' adjacent vales, and ſlope along the hill.
Of theſe —'tis all my little ſkill can do—
Permit me now to ſketch a bird's-eye view;

Nor ſcorn (howe'er inadequate the ſcrap)
A ſchool-geographer's poetic map.
In ſmooth extent, which rural beauties grace,
A ſpacious level ſkirts the mountain's baſe:
There might retire, there chaunt, the paſtoral ſwains,
The COLINS, and the DAMONS of the plains?
There in ſoft minſtrelſy's eternal round,
Wed words to words, wherever ſound meets ſound;
Till each reſponſive ſpray, the meads among,
Quivers in cadence, bloſſoms into ſong.
Full to the ſight, in diſtant proſpect, towers
A grove of myrtles, twining into bowers.
There love-ſick ſpirits manufacture ſighs,
Embalm in metre, dimples, lips, and eyes:
Vows, flatteries, perjuries, Echo's haunts invade;
Hopes, fears, and jealouſies breathe from every ſhade.
Be nymphs coy, kind, true, falſe, fair, brown, ſhort, tall,
Some paſſionate madrigal be-rhymes them all.
Where tangling briers, in form of fence, between
Two carpet lawns, diverſify the ſcene,

The rough, rude tribe of ſatiriſts might reſide ;
Cynics, who ſnarl, and ſcorners, who deride.
Avoid their gripe, ye virtuous, and ye ſage !
Too oft for intereſt, or for ſpleen, they rage.
'Twere well, did vice alone feel their attack !
Or truth reſerve their thorns for folly's back !

Where from the turf, a gradual eminence ſwells,
The whifling breeze a windmill's ſails impels ;
There, as in hives, might ſwarm the ſons of whim ;
The crotchet-mongers of fantaſtic trim ;
Who retail fancy's frolics, oddity's hits,—
Maggots of genius ! real nutſhell wits !
Wags, who in maſques groteſque ſhake humour's chin ;
Pun in conundrums,—or in epigrams grin !

A little farther on, from forth a cave,
Burſts an abrupt caſcade's ſonorous wave ;
Whoſe daſhing fragments might announce th' abode,
Where lofty language labours—big with ode ;
Spurns vulgar comprehenſion's hackney'd ways ;
Soars paſt the confines of pedeſtrian phraſe ;

Above connection, method, or design,
In muſe-mad rant, eccentrically fine!
Not far from this aſcent a foreſt lies;
Whoſe broad old oaks in moſſy grandeur riſe:—
There dwell the bards, who ſocial aims avow,
And deck with civic wreaths the patriot brow:
Whoſe popular ſtrains at once record, and raiſe,
The ſailor's ſpirit, and the ſoldier's praiſe:
While conſcious, "BRITONS never will be ſlaves,"
Zeal ſhouts from voice to voice, "BRITANNIA rule the
"waves."
More upland ſtill, and thro' an avenue ſeen,
Stands a fair clump of laurels, ever green;
Where rove the guardian bards of each bright name,
Which verſe and virtue conſecrate to fame;
Names of ſuch men, as Heaven's beſt ſignature
wore;
Whoſe leaſt diſtinction was the rank they bore;
Names, which improv'd humanity loves to hear;
Names, to integrity honourably dear;—

Names, which by every teſt of merit known,
Truth may tranſcribe, ev'n now, from BRITAIN'S THRONE!

While thus, for others, ſeparate ſeats I trace,
Perhaps you'll aſk me, where myſelf I'd place;
—What place becomes me, you muſt judge, not I;
—What place I'd wiſh for, I'll confeſs,—and why:
I'd mount, where poeſy's firſt enthuſiaſts ſtood;
High as old HOMER:—higher, if I could!—
There boaſt how good a work, with what good will,
Your anceſtors did *here*;—and You do ſtill:—
Then every Muſe to choral ſymphony woo,
In numbers worthy THEM, and worthy YOU.

EPIGRAMS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIGRAM.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

An elbow, we 're in proverbs told,
More ſharp than uſual marks a ſcold,
Of everlaſting ungs:
Perhaps you 'll be perplex'd to gueſs
What correſpondence, more or leſs,
Elbows can have with tongues!

To ſolve the doubt, from popular lore
Permit me, with one proverb more,
Your memories to refreſh:
'Tis Fate's decree, you muſt have known,
That whatſoever's bred in the *bone*—
Should never out of the *fleſh*!

ANOTHER

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

WOULD you th' extremes of human contraſt fix?
Obſerve DUTCH traffic—and DUTCH politics.
Nothing's too much to ſuffer, or to do,
Provided ſtill, it makes one ſtiver two:
By land, by ſea, for friends, for foes they trade;—
Then—cut each other's throat for a cockade:
Truſt in FRENCH faith for independent ſway;
Buy all;—ſell all;—and *give* THEMSELVES *away!*

ANOTHER.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

THE CHINESE have a word, which, howe'er it ſeems
ſtrange,
Stands for fourteen ideas, without the leaſt change:
It conſiſts of one ſyllable too, you muſt know;
And in that but two letters; to wit, P—O.—*PO!*

Imagine, for inſtance, you wiſh'd to expreſs,
" A wiſe [1]man"—" A man of a [2]pleaſing addreſs"—
" A [3]glaſs"—" An immenſe [4]preparation"—" The
" blows
" Of a wood-[5]cutter's hatchet"—" An [6]old woman's
" noſe"—
" A ſtrong [7]inclination"—" A thing [8]of ſmall ſize"—
" The courſe [9]of a current, where water-ſprings
" riſe"—
" A [10]ſervant"—" A captive [11]in battle"—" A
" [12]fop"—
" Or to [13]boil your ripe rice"—" or to [14]winnow your
" crop"—
For all, and for each, if to CHINA you go,
You can't ſpeak amiſs, if you only ſay—*Po!*
Where elſe could we find, ſhou'd we ſearch the world
round,
Things ſo different in ſenſe, and ſo ſimilar in ſound?
We may thumb all our grammars to rags, ere we view
So much in one word—and in *ſuch a word too!*

ANOTHER.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

With much pretence, but little love the while,
Faſhion oft feign'd to join Economy's party:
Tho' all could ſee, that, in the Horatian ſtyle,
'Twas "*Gratia amicitiæ male ſartæ.*"

But better hopes laſt winter's omens grac'd:
When Faſhion, leſt expence ſhould cut too deep,
Snipt each great coat aſunder at the waiſt;
And gave Economy the ſkirts to keep:

And now on ſolid ground their union ſtands:
Should Faſhion's pride next Chriſtmas call for new coats,
Economy from the remnants in her hands,
Has ſtuff of courſe, to make the ſame coat—two coats!

ANOTHER.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

PROUD as a peer, poor as a bard,
A foot-ſore SPANIARD late one night,
Knock'd at a tavern door ſo hard,
It rous'd the family in a fright:—

Up ſprung the hoſt from his bed-ſide;
Open the chamber-window flew:
"Who's there?—What boiſterous hand," he cry'd,
"Makes at my gate this loud ado?"

"Here is," the ſtately SPANIARD ſaid,
"DON LOPEZ, RODRIGUEZ, ALONZO,
"PEDRILLO, GUZMAN, ALVARADE,
"IAGO, MIGUEL, ALPHONSO,

" ANTONIO, DIEGO"—" Hold! hold! hold!"
Exclaim'd the Landlord, pray! forbear!
" For half the numbers you have told,
" I have not—half a bed to ſpare."

" Sir!" quoth the Don, " 'tis your miſtake,
" If names for men, of courſe, you count:
" Tho' long th' illuſtrious liſt, I make,
" In me ſtill centres all th' amount:

" Worn down with tramping many a mile,
" DON LOPEZ, RODRIGUEZ, PEDRILLO,
" With all the *etcæteras* of his ſtyle,
" Will ſleep—upon a *ſingle pillow!*"

ANOTHER.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

A SINGLE acorn's cup, experiment ſhows,
The future oak's whole embrio can encloſe:—

Immenſe idea!—That a form ſo ſmall,
On earth's prolific lap, if right it fall,
Shall burſt—ſhall vegetate—ſhall protrude a root;
Riſe a ſtrong trunk, from particles ſo minute;
O'er-top the foreſt; brave the tempeſt's rage;
Flouriſh;—expand, while age ſucceeds to age;
And haply, when to perfect timber grown,
Waft to new worlds the produce of our own!
While on this thought imagination dwells,
Reverſe the ſcene; and hear what nature tells;
—That this enormous bulk, is but th' extent
Of parts, at firſt within an acorn pent;—
An acorn! which, ſhould truth the fact reveal,
Was once—the *refuſe* of a *poor pig's meal!*

ANOTHER.

ESTO PERPETUA.

"TRUE-BLUE," 'tis ſaid, "*will never ſtain;*"—
An everlaſting die in grain,

Which none enough can prize:
Agreed!—But while experience finds
So many men, ſo many minds,
One conſtant doubt muſt riſe:

Since each adapts to his own view,
His own idea of True-blue,
The queſtion ſhifts it's ground:
The doubt is not, as I opine,
How bright, how long, True-blue may ſhine,—
But—*where it may be found!*

ANOTHER.

ESTO PERPETUA.

PAINTERS, by cuſtom immemorial take
For Envy's hieroglyphic form, the ſnake;
While for Eternity's type, each pencil draws
A ſerpent in a ring; whoſe tail is in his jaws.

The two ideas juſt, apart, we find,
But how much juſter would they be, when
join'd?
Let Envy's ſnake, for inſtance, fiercely fell,
With everlaſting rancour's poiſon ſwell;
Provided, in eternity's ſerpent-ſtyle,
It feeds on nothing but *itſelf*, the while!

ANOTHER.

ESTO PERPETUA.

Go to the bee!—and thence bring home,
(Worth all the treaſures of her comb,)
An antidote againſt raſh ſtrife:
She, when her angry flight ſhe wings,
But *once*, and at her peril *ſtings*;—
But *gathers honey—all her life!*

ANOTHER.

ESTO PERPETUA.

When a pamphlet comes out, in the plain pamphlet ſtyle,
Your two ſhillings you pay, if you think it worth while :—
But if once, by mere faſhion, or merit, or chance,
Into notice the book, or it's author, advance,
To work on all ſides, goes the preſs and the pen ;
With anſwers, and anſwers to anſwers again ;
With ſtrictures, and queries, and notes, and reflections,
Appendixes, ſequels, free thoughts, hints, objections ;
And of courſe, if to judge of the whole you intend,
You muſt buy without bounds ;—and muſt read without end.

So in Bantam, our travellers tell us, a ſheep
In body and bone, due proportion will keep :

While a wheel-barrow's compaſs will hardly avail,
To ſupport the length, breadth, depth, and weight of
it's *tail!*

ANOTHER.

ESTO PERPETUA.

WHERE gently wandering rills ſurround
A deſolated pile,
And glide ev'n now, the confluent bound
Of GLASTONBURY'S iſle,—

To memory loſt, by chance deſcry'd,
The reverend reliques lay
Of ARTHUR, Glory's favorite pride,
In BRITAIN'S earlier day.

No fabulous elves, in fairy knot,
To announce his grave were ſeen;
Nature's own hand had mark'd the ſpot,
In winter's gloom ſtill green.

And where a croſs from head to feet,
O'erſpread the Hero's earth,
A Chriſtmas Thorn ſprings up, to greet
Our infant Saviour's birth!

O! may the ſweet memorial *live*,—
Spontaneous proof to raiſe,
That Truth can annual evidence give
To patriot royalty's praiſe!—

And while Religion, Freedom, Laws,
Are BRITAIN's happy doom,—
Flouriſh—to ſanction their applauſe,
Around her ARTHUR's Tomb!

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ANOTHER.

[One of the Author's lateſt compoſitions, which he conſidered as deſcriptive of his *own ſituation* in the School.]

ESTO PERPETUA.

Genius, too oft, beneath adverſity's frown,
Drudges, laborious; vigorous; yet kept down:
Never advanc'd, tho' never at a ſtay;
Keeps on; perhaps ſhines on; but makes no way!
—So fares the mettled ſteed, in harneſs bound,
To drag ſome ponderous engine round and round!
His toil is generous effort;—but 'tis ſtill,
Strength, Perſeverance, Progreſs!—*in a Mill!*

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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